

The Knickerbocker Gallery.

In order that our readers may see what this work will be, we give the Contents in full. It will be seen that the volume contains FIFTY-THREE original contributions, and FORTY-SEVEN of these will be accompanied by PORTRAITS of the writers. Mr. CLARK's portrait will also be included in the volume; and, with a neat engraved title, will make FORTY-NINE engravings.

We give an extract from a notice of the book from one of our city papers, which we trust will receive proper consideration.

"A VOLUME so unique in its conception, and so expensive in its illustrations, and yet so moderate in price, deserves complete success. We have before stated that while the work is intended as a compliment to Mr. CLARK, its express design is for the *benefit* of the popular editor. The committee intend, if a sufficient sum can be realized by the sale, to purchase a cottage in this vicinity as a *home* for Mr. CLARK and his family. To secure a result so desirable, the friends of Mr. CLARK, and all the lovers of good literature, will, we trust, use more than ordinary effort. Every reader of the KNICKERBOCKER should feel a pleasure in taking some copies, and in asking their friends to do so also. They will thus have the satisfaction of laying a brick or fastening a nail in their friend's new home."

The price of the volume, elegantly bound in cloth, gilt, is \$5, and in Turkey morocco, extra, \$7. Please address,

SAMUEL HUESTON,
348 Broadway, New-York.

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 6.

A WINTER'S EVENING TALE.

'BEWARE of fraud, beware of fickleness,
In choice and change of thy deere-loved dame;
Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove.'

Two old men sat together over their wine on New-Year's eve. Two old men so different rarely sit in social converse; for one was tall, and his shoulders were broad, and his loud 'Ha! ha!' rang out merrily every now and then, and its healthy bloom was still upon his cheek: only the first frosts of life's winter whitened his abundant hair, and a cheery, good-humored light still beamed from his bright blue eye. The other, so pale and wrinkled, so bowed down, so humble in address, in utterance so feeble and indistinct that his companion turned his ear patiently toward him in good-natured close attention. Only a few scattering locks of gray were left to stray over his furrowed brow, and his dim, half-closed eyes, burrowing under the shaggy eye-brows, wandered listlessly over the table and the floor, while his words fell hurriedly and trembling from his tongue. The two were talking over the storms that had swept over the ocean of their lives; but while one spoke of tempests safely out-riden, and rocks and shoals well 'scaped, the other told of long fruitless wanderings in far-off lands, under scorching suns, tormenting spirits urging him on, and vain, delusive hopes smiling in mockery before him.

'Come, come, Phil,' said his entertainer; 'you and I are too old now to mind much the raking up of old school-boy pranks. Pray, now, what high crime and misdemeanor, or what atrocious plot against the staid decorum of virtuous society was it that drove you forth into this wilderness of the world, where, in truth, you seem to have culled a goodly bundle of sage experiences: what was it, Phil, that sent you on your travels?'

Phil Hope's nervous mouth twitched more than ever, and his hand trembled as he raised his glass and shook half the contents out upon the marble table; but he took heart when the last drop was emptied

down his throat, and again the glass flowed with the dark-red wine, and again it was drained to the bottom.

Then Phil Hope's eye was raised till it met that of his employer, and it wavered a moment and wandered off along the frescoed walls, and over rich gilded frames of great mirrors, and back again till it fixed upon the Brussels carpet.

'It is hard, Mr. Willard' — he began thus, low and tremulously — 'hard to open one's lips so late in life to a secret they have kept so long locked up within them; but there is something within me now that drives me to confess against my will, and that tears my secret from me, though I hoped it should be buried in my grave.' And his voice grew husky, and once more the heavy decanter was clutched in his feverish grasp, and a third brimming glass followed the others down his throat.

'I was far different, Mr. Willard, from what I am now, when I went to pass my summer vacation in a lovely village among the mountains of Massachusetts. They called me a handsome young man then' — here a shadow of a smile flickered over his wan visage — 'and I was in much better repute for feats of agility and skill in the athletic games of college-life than for any proficiency in science or diligence in learning. With the last dying rattle of the chapel bell flew away all thoughts of study, and cramming my favorite volume into my pocket, and choosing out the safest resting-place on the coach-top for my rod and gun, I whirled out of the narrow valley. I found employment enough in the beautiful country I had chosen, and many were the dark secluded pools I sought out, buried deep in mountain glens, where the trout lay still and secure, or played coquettishly with the gurgling ripples that poured into the deep quiet basin, or went whirling round and round in wimpling eddies.

'It was early one beautiful morning, when I was following up the coy wanderings of a new stream, brushing away the sparkling dew as I stole along, stepping lightly over broken twigs, and softly pushing aside obtruding branches that I might come unawares upon my game. I had just left the meadows behind me, and had plunged into the deep chasm between opposing crags, beyond which there stretched away a long narrow ravine that formed here and there deep shaded nooks, where the grass spread out in a bright green carpet, and many-colored mosses, clinging to fallen trees, and gathering thick upon the rough rocks, made a soft and gayly-variegated bed on which to repose the weary limbs. Just before me, carelessly reclining on one of these luxurious couches, just where the stream spread out over its gravelly bed into a shallow pellucid pond, lay a graceful female form. Noiselessly stealing, with a heart bent on mischief, over the softly-cushioned earth, I peered unseen over the shoulder. But, oh! how changed were my feelings then, when I caught a glimpse, through the glossy brown ringlets, of bright eyes that danced under the shade of long drooping lashes; of red lips that parted in hurried breathing, while the white bosom, half-revealed by the negligent morning-dress, heaved, panting with exercise, and the flush upon her cheek, and the sparkle in her eyes as the lids slowly opened, showed that she had only now flung herself to rest

upon her verdant bed. The white tapering arm reposed upon a little basket, and the fingers toyed languidly with a bunch of mountain-flowers.

'Amazed, and forgetful of all else, there I stood, when, with a glance, her eyes met my stupid gaze, and with a slight, half-frightened scream she was bounding away before I could think to detain her. But in her haste she fell, and her little basket rolled away, and her flowers were scattered over the ground. Recovering myself, I sprang forward to her assistance, and helping her to re-gather her lost treasures, I addressed some little word of inquiry and reassurance, and we sat down with our flowers before us to talk over the many little secrets that lurked among their petals.

'Thus began my acquaintance with her I used to call my Annie, and many a sunny hour we passed together then, and many a lesson did I learn that my heart long cherished, though all are forgotten now. Would God *she* had never taught me them! Mr. Willard, I am an old man now, and years and care have done their work upon me, and words of love may seem like strange mockery coming from lips like mine; but I *loved* that girl, and when I went back to college halls I threw aside the many pursuits that had distracted my attention; pored hour after hour over dusty tomes; labored with might and main to gain distinction in my class, all that I might appear worthy in *her* eyes, and might hope soon to earn the hand she promised me. And I believed she loved me; she told me so; and soon I fought my way to a position in which I might offer her competence and a happy home — her for whom alone I ever cared to call such mine.

'And when all was ready, I went back to that little village among the mountains, and told my love that I was ready now to claim her for my own; and she blushed, and put her hand in mine, and said it should be so, and the next month she would be my bride; so I left her, to prepare a home for her where every bright and pleasant thing might help to make her happy.

'And the day before the appointed wedding-day I stood at her cottage door, and knocking there, I was met on the threshold by a group of sad, affrighted faces, and they told me that the woman I loved had gone! — fled! — with one, they said, a wealthy, soft-spoken villain, who with cunning words and well-told lies, and many hellish arts of gallantry, had stolen from me the heart of Annie; to whom she had sold, for a few words of glowing flattery, all that ever I loved, all that ever in my whole life I prized above life itself.'

As the old man's tale went on, his voice had lost its tremulous feebleness, and the eyes, that no longer fell upon the carpet, blazed under the lowering eye-brows with frightful passion. With a sweep of his hand he had pushed away the half-emptied glass, and his clinched fist in his vehement agony seemed to sink deep into the marble slab. The listener at first had leaned forward in his eagerness to catch every word; now he fell back into his chair, his fascinated eyes still following the unconscious speaker, and cold drops stood thick upon his forehead, and rolled down his cheeks in streams.

'I rushed madly from the door; no sound but one stunning buzz was

in my ears; no sight before my eyes but one black, impenetrable cloud. I had no thought but of some crushing evil that had befallen me, and so I fled away, and knew no more till I was hundreds of miles from land, and the fresh sea-breeze was blowing upon my cheek. For years, under an assumed name, I wandered: few climes are there where I have not been, few sorrows and privations that I have not felt since then. I am wrinkled and gray, and shattered in body and mind, and my life is stained with many sins. For all that I am, sordid, and implacable, and vindictive as I am, and dead to every human feeling — for all this am I indebted to her whom once I loved. And now hear an old man's curse!' and Phil Hope stood upright, with his trembling right hand raised to heaven, the baleful fire flashing from beneath his gray and shaggy brows, his pale cheek ghastly with unearthly passion, and the thin lips writhing and curling, and bloodless with revenge. And how in the terror-stricken face opposite was reflected back that deadly ashen hue, and the dropped jaw quivered in speechless horror, and the starting eye-balls rolled and glared in dumb affright! 'Ten-fold for all the love that ever I bore her, for all the good that ever I wished her, for all the joy and gladness I ever hoped to share with her, upon her head, if she still lives, upon her children and her children's children return hatred and scorn, and evil untold, and sorrow, and dark, unpitying despair! May all the evil that ever I endured, all the torments that ever pursued me over the world's wide waste, all the deep passions and deep corroding suspicions that have preyed upon my life, may they follow down to the grave, without end, or one moment's sweet reprieve, Annie Leslie and her damned paramour. May ——'

'Stop! In God's name, Philip Stanley, hold! Let fall your curses on the guilty head!' and Philip Stanley recoiled at the sight of his own livid face so faithfully rendered back, as the rich merchant stood with arms out-stretched before him: 'It was I, villain as you call me, that found out Annie Leslie, innocent and artless, in her native valley; I that sought in vain to gain her heart. It was I that, after every art, and device, and intrigue were exhausted, sent, under another's name, a message of sickness and distress, to decoy her away to a lonely hut far off among the mountains; it was I that awaited there her coming, and dragged her away by force, under the cover of night and the dark shadow of the forest; I that snatched your betrothed from your arms and sent you a wandering outcast through the world! Annie Leslie escaped pure and unsullied from my clutches, and returned to her home to find her lover fled: and soon she laid down her young head, covered with shame and sorrow, under the willow that weeps over her grave. I — I it was who did it all!'

Up and down! — up and down through the long parlors, like some goblin's tramp, echoed the halting footsteps; the lofty mirrors sent back to each other the image of that spectral face as it turned from one to the other; and long after the mid-night bell had struck, the watchman across the street gazed in wonder at the oft-returning profile of a downcast, aged face, that for a moment was drawn so distinctly upon the curtain, and then changed, and shifted, and faded away. And when the bright beams of the new year streamed far into the rooms,

and the master of the house with a heavy groan raised his gray head from the table, there on the rich carpet, under the glaring gas, lay Philip Stanley, cold and stiff in death!

There still, through the long last night of the year, tramps up and down an unequal, heavy step; and year after year, though his foot never stands upon its threshold, the owner of that stately dwelling starts when the last stroke of the old year has sounded, at the well-known faltering foot-fall of the man whom he betrayed.

S A L V A D O R A .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

I.

SALVADORA SLEEPING.

THE autumn night was o'er the deep,
The wind blew chill from out the west,
As slow her dear and brown-haired head
Sank down upon my breast.

I bent until the silken hair
Began to mingle with my own,
And murmured tender songs in soft,
Melodious monotone.

Until the blue-veined lids dropped down
Above the eyes I loved so well;
And soft as gentlest summer seas
Her bosom rose and fell.

Her little hands lay motionless,
Her budding lips were half apart;
And for her lullaby she had
The beating of my heart.

And through my arms that clasped her round
My blood flowed on with steadfast sweep;
The current of my life inclosed
My darling in her sleep.

My soul grew tranquil and serene,
My thought became one silent prayer,
As pure and calm as I had been
Her angel watching there.

I felt a consecrated pride
In that my power to guard and bless,
And hold her 'neath that sacred shield —
A strong man's tenderness.

And so the holy night waned on,
 And morning-stars came out above;
 And woman Trust still slept in smiles
 Upon the heart of Love.

II.

LEAVING SALVADORA.

THE island lights grow dim, and evermore
 The mists rise up between their sheen and me,
 And the dim outline of the wooded shore
 Sinks in the heaving sea.

I say, 'Look, darling, how the silver wake
 Broiders the purple mantle of the main;'
 Then bend my head as if to hear her speak,
 But none replies again.

I say, 'Behold yon single star, and mark
 How, like ST. MICHAEL with its flaming spear,
 It cleaves the horrent Angel of the dark;'
 But none says, 'Love, I hear.'

I say, 'Hear how the great sea moans and wails;
 Hear the eternal sadness of its tone!'
 No answer. Then my worn cheek shrinks and pales
 To think that sound my own.

I say, 'The huge waves beat upon our ship
 Like the wild throbbings of o'erburdened hearts;
 The phosphorescent light gleams o'er the deep
 A moment, and departs.

Is it my heart that so repeats those throbs?
 And do thine eyes those fleeting flashes give?'
 O God! the mournful sea responds in sobs,
 And wails affirmative.

And then my face sinks in my hands again,
 And hopes fade like the lights, and hideous fears
 Creep o'er me, and into the shuddering main
 I pour my passionate tears.

Gone! gone! No more the brown head on my breast;
 No more the small hand interlaced with mine;
 No more God's pure stars watch her placid rest,
 And bless her as they shine.

Only the chilling wind that bloweth free;
 Only the ship upon the billows tost;
 Only my tears, that into yon cold sea
 Drop thickly, and are lost:

Only my swelling heart, whose pulses move
 In sad accordance with the sighing sea,
 Saying, 'I love her, and so still will love
 Through all eternity!'

MY CAMPAIGN REMINISCENCES.

PAPER FIFTH.

PART ONE.

'I THINK I heard a cry, Sir! — there, again!' said the sergeant of the picket-guard, in a half-audible voice.

It was indeed a time for the minutest vigilance on my part, for the position was entirely cut off from the line of camp, and we well knew that our unseen enemies were somewhere in the vicinity. With the exception of the elements, all was silent around; and though we eagerly listened for tidings of alarm, no human sound above a loud whisper arose. Even the shifting of the sentinels' arms was done noiselessly, as in the gloomy shade the spectre-like forms peered into every bush, then stopped and listened, if but so much as a dry leaf rattled along the ground.

A line of posts extended for a quarter of a mile into the brake, near the road, so that at the least intimation of harm we might have timely appraisal; for the place was lonely, remote from succor, and we lay in ambuscade on either side of the only pass through the wood toward the shore, and upon me, as sole officer, devolved considerable responsibility. It were not an extraordinary occurrence if, under cover of darkness, some wily, soft-footed prowler should steal upon the careless watcher, stab him to the heart, or perchance throw a lariat round his neck, and thus drag him to a certain destruction. Wonder not, then, that the slightest cause of suspicion should awaken the anxieties of those in such a situation.

We listened attentively for the cry the sergeant thought he heard. A sharp hail did ring out at times, but that was obviously from the camp; and there were also the dismal voices of the *sérénos* of the city, whose drawling, melancholy announcements of the hour always sounded to my ears like the wail of a lost spirit; but no other human articulation could be detected. Those caterwauling miscreants, the watchmen on the walls, and the thousand-and-one dogs who filled up an accompaniment with incessant howls and barks — how piercingly plain their dissonance struck our hearing!

A norther was coming on. The Gulf, whose roarings are ceaseless, even in a calm, then rolled in its billows with terrific fury, throwing the white foam high on the gigantic castle of San Juan, which loomed up in the uncertain moon-light, and expended the awfulness of one swell only to renew and increase the strife. The music of the rising storm in the tops of the trees, which soughed and rocked in the blast, was deeply suggestive of thought — thought, that faithful indication of our spiritual being, which links us to the spirits of the storm, and makes us delight even in the upheavings of nature. In the blaze of noon-day, the imagination cannot conceive the full force of such a scene and its associations, for there is also the sense of materiality.

‘That’s it again, Sir! I’m sure that ——’

‘Well, well, sergeant, if you insist upon it, you may go the rounds and learn what you can. But none of the out-posts have given any alarm.’

Then reclining on a soft, mossy hillock-side, my head resting on my hand, and elbow on the ground, I amused myself by gazing into the illimitable regions of profound night; and, with as little depth of astronomical lore as had the shepherds of Chaldea, whose wont it was to do the same, would fain have annihilated the space that intervened between the stellar heavens and our own diminutive globe, and strove to divide the milky-way into bright clusters of suns and other stars, and each system into single planets, as fancy dictated. Did you never dream so? Never get belated in the woods all night, and amuse yourself by star-gazing? A silently-moving figure recalled me from attempting to spell out the poetry of the heavens. Then imagination swept back to the primitive days when the swarthy native, ere he had so much as dreamed of the existence of the pale-faces, trod that spot, and I actually started at the tread of the dusky Indian, as he stepped from the sequestered glade into the beams of the moon, and his swift arrow hustled by my ear. My right hand instinctively tightened its grasp on the sword-hilt. But no; it was only the sergeant coming to report progress.

‘The outer man is missing, Sir,’ he whispered.

‘What! Deserted! Who is he?’

‘O —— G ——, Sir, of Company G.’

Of all men he was the least likely to prove faithless to his colors. We all knew that our friend was as brave as he was humorous, and such men are not the first to desert. There must be foul play, we all concluded. A report just then came in of a far-distant sound of approaching cavalry, and in the momentary lull of the wind was heard the neighing of horses. One man laid his ear to the ground, but could hear nothing more. A reconnoissance for some distance in the shade of the trees did not mend the matter; for it did seem that both horse and foot were on the alert, not very far from there. At about ten o’clock, we had a visit from the officer of the day. He informed me that a demonstration would probably be made on our lines, and concluded his instructions by pointing to a conical peak near by, and directing a post to be established on its summit.

‘It is a little fresh to-night, but of course you will not mind that, and as a non-commissioned officer might slight the duty, you had better yourself select the sentinel’s position. Good night, for the present, and let me ——’ The remainder was lost, as a blast of the storm sent a shower of sand into our faces, and took away both breath and hearing.

Two of the soldiers were selected for the harassing duty — *silly*, as they thought. The rugged ground was beset with an almost impenetrable under-growth of prickly brush-wood, whose density in the brightest hour would have discouraged less determined men than ourselves from attempting its passage. It is probable that no human cuticle had ever been excoriated by them before that night. The thorny bushes at

each step lacerated our hands and faces ; but as some compensation for that misery, the higher we mounted the less afflicting was the fleeting sand. When nearly all the way up, we halted to catch breath and recruit strength.

What a sublime prospect ! Not the least glimmering of light was visible in the whole line of camp, and but a few from the city, which dimly appeared. But the Gulf of Mexico ! There was sublimity itself, as the tremendous white-crested wave came seething along, until it met with a shock on the coral reefs, when, with a roar terrible as battle, it would dash into boiling foam, and rush high up on the shelving shore. Wave followed wave in quick succession, until a bright line clearly defined the reef, stretching away for miles and leagues. A fleet of vessels of war, and merchant and transport-ships lay at anchor near the Isle of Sacrificios, and the hoarse whispering of the gale boded to them no good ; and as if to verify those dire threatenings, at that moment the timbers of many a fine vessel were parting beneath their awe-stricken crews ; for the storm was blowing dead on shore — a fate more dreadful than the tossings of an open sea. Occasionally, we thought we heard the booming of guns along that terrible coast ; but in the general tumult of the elements, there could be no certainty of sound.

For full an hour after getting back to our place, we confidently awaited and desired an attack, but knowing that our party could hold an enemy in check for a few minutes at least, and not unwilling to reap any trifling distinction that might offer, we requested no help from the main body. No enemy came ; just our luck. Two days afterward, the unpleasant tidings leaked out that on the night in question, a force of several hundred infantry had taken advantage of the storm, wound their way through an unguarded, and what was thought to be a wholly impracticable point for passage in the day-light, and thus augmented the garrison's strength. We felt much chagrined, though the fault, if any, lay not with us. In view of this and other crafty capers of our adversaries, it was at imminent hazard that a single person, or small parties rambled on the outskirts of the camp after night-fall, without the pass-word at the tongue's-end ; and it was nothing more than ordinary prudence to respond to the first challenge. The newly-fledged, in their excess of zeal, often did not complete the third challenge before an ounce-bullet whizzed crashing through the thick under-wood. I was on duty one ugly night, utterly cheerless, and the blasts all the more chilling because of the proximity to an exceedingly hot and oppressive day, when a sentinel hailed. No response. 'Who goes there ?' the second time, with no better success ; but simultaneously with the third was the noise of a discharge, and the foliage lightened up. A groan and a heavy gasp gave unmistakable assurance of correct aim ; and as the soldier made the best of his way through all obstacles, I rushed after him, fearful lest some poor lurking spy might receive his quietus from the bayonet.

'I have done for him, Sir ; would n't answer. There he is, kicking in the bushes.'

'Hold ! how's this ? Get the poor fellow out quick ! Bring that lantern this way.'

With the first flicker of the tallow candle, through the chinks of the lantern of tin, remorse struck the heart of the sanguinary man of war; for the pale countenance of a familiar friend was rebukingly turned toward him, yet more in sorrow than in anger; and in his heart he could but bless the kindly puff of wind that had extinguished the light, and, for a time at least, hid from the world his crime. Delay in procuring another light ensued; and when the lantern scattered its beams around, the stricken one had struggled far into the recesses of the chaparral, and was not to be seen. The marksman wore an elongated visage until sun-light, when he sought and found the victim of indiscretion, whose physical injuries were fortunately found to be slight. That little white-faced donkey did not hesitate to again browse the green herbs, notwithstanding his narrow escape!

Now let us return to duty on picket.

That, of all others, was the dislike of the greater portion of my mess-mates, while to me, throughout the campaign, picket was always preferable to any other night-service; indeed, next to scouting, which was my hobby, particularly when well mounted, it was a delight never declined, and sometimes sought for. Under the sombre mantle of darkness trooped a caravan of unlooked-for incidents that brought a charm with them. The many pleasant hours spent on the wild out-post, on foot and in saddle, rise now before my mind's eye, and when they are gone again, I miss the light heart and entire freedom from care which those times afforded.

—
PART TWO.

A MAN was missing from a perilous post on a dismal night, we have seen; and would it not be well to follow his course and explain the cause of his absence, and see how *he* liked picket? That man, too, is our new acquaintance, O — G —, and it would not be civil to leave him in the lurch.

A dimly-seen object moved in the gloom through the dense thickets, with a celerity that mocked pursuit. It was the figure of a female, and he who perceived her did not stop to ask questions nor to make speeches, for he had neither the desire nor the time to do so; but under the influence of a powerful animal-magnetism, he tripped along, and endeavored to track her progress at a remote distance behind. The essay was futile. Ere the woman-hunter in his gallantry could by any frantic efforts free himself from the ensnaring copse, and gain upon the mystical fugitive, she had already placed between them much distance. So did she glide along in a shadowy, spirit-like pace, scarce seeming to touch the earth, that the branches offered no resistance, and her flowing robe of white left no remnant on bush or thorn to mark her wake. As O — G — tore along in breathless haste, the fair apparition suddenly disappeared from his strained sight. He stopped and listened. Not a sound of footsteps was there to guide him. He must regain the important position which he had so thoughtlessly quitted, and his then recent severe admonition did not tend to make him oblivious to the imperious calls of duty. Strange! his uniform was torn, so that he felt strips of

it hanging loose, yet those tearing prickles, that would have bereft a goat-footed satyr of his shaggy covering, retained not one thread of that light, airy dress!

Could the wearer of that floating raiment be human? Ah! who could inform the inquirer? If human, she was at the best not humane; of that he was satisfied. Then the conviction that the ancient Knick was amusing himself, in fantastic midnight gambols, flashed upon the mind of our benighted comrade, and dire misgivings of harm seized him with an irresistible force. Confound all nursery-maids who fill the minds of children with goblin-stories that are never forgotten! No symphony of soft and gurgling water-falls saluted his ear; yet there was an abundance of water near, for the slender and flexile shoots of vegetation which had to be penetrated were moistened and fed by shallow, stagnant ponds, immensely prolific in evolving malaria, although entirely hidden by the shade of the foliage above, and the broad leaves that lay upon the surface. Is it a marvel to you, then, gentle reader, that as the groper slipped up and took an involuntary bath in the repository of snakes and all the indescribable abominations of tropical climes, that he shrieked in half-despair? Down, down he went! the slimy pool cooling all his ardor for the chase; and little pictures of domestic happiness in a snakeless home thronged up before him — thus mournfully enhancing his misery by the memory of past felicity. Hope! thou beacon of the human heart! anchor of the soul! thou didst stimulate the sinking warrior to make another exertion for the preservation of a valuable life, for which thanks. With the grip of a drowning man, he clutched the pendent roots and branches, and once more stood in god-like erectness, with pockets full of water, and his deluged cartridge-box of a warrantable fire-proof. It is no longer to be doubted that the sergeant of the guard did hear a cry.

Who could the night-walker be? If earthly at all — of which our comrade could be pardoned for entertaining serious doubts, although he smelt no brimstone — perhaps she was a somnambulist; and if that were the case, she must have passed the first degree of the disease, which generally manifests itself in a propensity to talk during sleep, for which reason some surly individual has said it is peculiar to females, just as if it were possible for the tongue to wag perpetually day and night. She might certainly have attained the second degree of that affection of bodily and mental functions, in which degree the affected one sometimes trips along a parapet, or scales a roof, or treads a narrow bridge, with the most agile of the feline tribe, and awakes, utterly unconscious of having stirred during sleep, or recalls the whole as a mere dream; and there are well-authenticated cases of playing on musical instruments, composing verses — a deeper shade still — and a single instance of a bankrupt offering to pay his just debts, which latter case is now classed with cases of insanity. All that was far more probable than the present case. Was she a somnambulist? O — G — scouted the idea as the instigation of a fiend to cheat him into a false belief, after he had encountered a genuine fairy. Woe to the one who would dare to contradict him at that moment, even were he a nimble-

legged god of the woods, for our friend would not have yielded that point of faith without a fierce contest.

Exerting all his skill in footmanship, he found his way back to the tree against which he had leaned his musket, just as a sergeant gave the signal and brought forward the relief. Together they returned to the spot where we lay, and soon convinced the other sergeant, against his will, that he had been mistaken in supposing the place vacant.

O — G — cherished all that he had seen in his heart until circumstances prompted him to unfold the marvellous tale.

The night's adventures did not end there. Tardy midnight brought with it two of a party of six or seven, who had passed through our posts a few nights before, to spy out the movements of the enemy. An overweening confidence in his own shrewdness, and in the prowess of his companions, had led B —, their leader, himself a private, to throw aside all disguise. All but two had been captured, and no recital of the cruelty of guerillas could surpass in horror that told by the two survivors.

Six months before that, B — was a clergyman in the vicinity of New-Orleans. A man of fine faculties, he yielded to the fascinations of sensuality, soon lost all control over himself, until the whisperings of his failings drove him from the sacred desk. Shaking off the grasp of the vice which was coiling its deadly folds around him, he for a time drew crowded houses as a lecturer on temperance, in various towns of the South; but the spirit of uncharitableness still mercilessly followed him, until he returned to the Lethean cup, and while under its influence enlisted as a soldier. So perished a youth of three-and-twenty, possessed of abilities with which he might have swayed a sceptre in intellectual realms, had they not been cast in a mass of dross and rubbish, with a thread of insanity, it was thought, running through all. The immaculate ermine may become sullied and appear too soiled and foul for toleration by that which, in baser material, might escape unnoticed by the world, but which, like the breath that passes over the surface of polished steel, may leave a stain so impure that it cannot be effaced.

Old Tom Bowen, a vestige of other times, was in the midst of a half-audible story of the Peninsular war, and while in the act of plundering a wine-cellar in Portugal, was called away to take his two hours' solitary tramp. The men lay in the bushes, speculating on the chances of becoming intimate with the goods and chattels of the citizens, including, as a matter of course, the important item of the fair sex, when the monotony was broken by the return of Bowen, who drove before him a little mule and two forlorn-looking peasants, who shook as if struck with an ague-fit. Darkness was fast disappearing, and with it all prospect of more formidable foes. The strangers had been pounced upon as poor mice are by the unsuspected hawk.

'Caught 'em bringing in provisions to the starved-out fellows, Sir. Told 'em as we came along that we would ——' (and he most significantly drew his fore-finger across his throat,) 'then they confessed, Sir.'

'Well, well, but such poor creatures as these ——'

'Here they are; just as I 'spected.' The old forager had been busily insinuating his right arm to the very bottom of the coal-panniers, with which the puny quadruped was laden; and suiting the action to the word, he dragged forth a parcel.

'Papers?' I asked, half in jest, thinking of certain dispatches, which, but for Captain S——, should be unmentionable.

'A pair of 'em, Sir.' He held up to view a brace of small fowls, already cooked, and increased the store of edibles by bringing out a quart-bag of beans—*frijoles*. Continuing his search, he overturned the whole of the cargo for contraband articles, all the while keeping a sharp look-out with the corner of his eye on the poultry. How systematically the old forager went to work!

'Que es esta?'

'Carbon, Señor, carbon,' replied both, nervously pointing to the charcoal.

'Carbon!' he exclaimed, in a tone which chilled the poor creatures, and caused their shaky knees to smite the ground. 'Carbon! eh? Bone me no bones.' When the chickens betrayed them, the peasants thought their last hour had come, and they beseechingly looked into the face of the man, whom they regarded as chief-executioner. Much to the grief of aged Thomas, the provisions were returned to the owners, and they sent on their way rejoicing, to feed a city of people with a pair of roasted fowls! The veteran walked off with a rather contemptuous opinion of modern warfare, which he could plainly see was sadly deteriorating, when even lawful plunder was withheld.

Now we will pass on to another night's duty.

PART THREE.

WE were tramping along at a quick pace, for there was work to be done; and to avoid the mischief and ruin wrought by the shells, which exploded and shook the ground like miniature earthquakes, we made a circuit. Pastoral life had no allurements while thunderbolts detonating spread new horrors around.

The sun went down, leaving the sky without a cloud. There was no moon to obscure the exquisite lustre of the myriad diamonds of the sidereal heavens, as twilight faded, and the russet chased the brighter hues westward after their parent, the sun; and night, deepening into a raven-gray, completely suffused the face of heaven, when in the order of their apparent brightness the marshaled hosts arrayed themselves, and the glare of day gave way to a more exceeding glory. At a signal our line halted, to remain inactive until called to relieve other troops in erecting a battery.

The immense system of worlds, invisible in day-time, began perceptibly to move, guided as the eye was by the dark outline of a half-ruined ivy-mantled turret; and through the dome of deep but softened sapphire, fiery meteors whirled across each other's paths continually the live-long period of darkness. Those going one way were the blazing fuses of the bomb-shells, thrown from our ordnance into the devoted city

of the True Cross, and those coming toward us were the returns made by the penned-up foe. Nearly every one of our deadly missiles could be traced in its flight to some populous quarter, where, descending through stone-roofs, which were as ineffectual a shield as paper, they burst upward with terrific execution. On the other hand, our artillerymen were so sheltered as to be almost impervious to shot in their zig-zag trenches.

A short distance, less than a cannon-shot from the walls, is situate a mural cemetery, and close to the frail tenements of the departed ran a line of entrenchments. The white tombs showed distinctly in the resplendent star-light, and the monuments, glistening at each discharge, served as a guide for the enemy to obtain a surer aim. From the nature of the position, the battery was nearly invulnerable, though the shot from the city, which occasionally ploughed up the glacis — the mound of earth thrown up from the ditch — made great havoc in the city of the dead. Some ploughing deep into the ground, tore open vaults and graves which had been sealed from the light for scores of years; others dashed into the mural receptacles for coffins built in several tiers, tore away the marble screens, and laid bare the Golgotha. The sight was enough to give the night-mare, if that offensive myth were not banished from the army; and the most oaken hearts quailed to some degree at the inevitable reflections forced upon them, for it seemed that the worn-out and cast-off mortal bodies were to spring into reanimation at the kindling touch of a spirit.

I well recollect the place, from an inspection of it by day-light. One of the wooden shells contained the figure of a military officer in full uniform, even to cocked-hat and spurs, and so life-like did he look, there was a doubt at first of his really being dead. The inscription on one of the coverings of a magazine of bones advertised to the faithful that Don So-and-so, who reposed beneath it, was a Hidalgo, (literally, *hijo d'algo*, some body's son — a curious piece of information,) and that by a judicious investment of his ample supply of filthy lucre, he had become a heavy stock-holder in the consolidated fund of good works, and had also been assigned an exalted station in paradise. As tombstones should serve for instruction, it proceeded further to aver that by the disposition of his goods, and his vast number of works of supererogation, (a rare case,) the Church had a snug balance placed to his account, which would inure to the benefit and behoof of all who should go and do likewise. A lesson from the charnel-house, where many a holy text around is strewn in half-legible Latin.

Our particular duty was not to read epitaphs, but to act in conjunction with the engineers, who silently conducted the sap and constructed the fortifications; so we were compelled to lie still until called upon to take the chances. Now and then a shell sailed madly over-head, threatening instantaneous annihilation; then, while the noise still rung in our ears, exploded a quarter of a mile away. On the out-skirts of the town, the blazing of buildings bore evidence of the effect of our shells; and in the momentary cessation of our mortars' playing, shrieks and yells of agony were borne back, when the missiles, making a subterranean plunge, burst upward, and with dreadful carnage buried the

inhabitants in the ruins of their toppling houses. We were not sorry when orders came to change position, for the labor diverted thought; and although the thorns of the prickly-pear tormented us grievously in the darkness, we had to grin and bear it with a shrug, for a single word was like touching a spark to a magazine. At times we could distinctly hear the jingling of arms, as a hostile patrol unsuspectingly passed the spot where we burrowed. While busy in filling bags with sand, with which to erect breast-works, an exclamation of pain, not unlike a lion's roar, broke from one of my party, and it was thought that some fragment of shell had struck him. The patrol of the enemy, too, caught the sound, and fired in a body at some imaginary lurkers in quite another direction; but all our men lay close, ceasing to delve with their spades until the sound of the deceived foemen died away in the distance. A repetition of the roar would have ruined all. A naval officer had seized the author of the alarm, whose head he was intently burying in the sand, and, but for gymnastic efforts, it would seem that he had already stifled him — a consummation devoutly wished by more than one just then. The giddy, heedless wretch had but run a thorn into one of his feet. Who was the miscreant? O — G —, to be sure. Had it not been for the prompt action of our naval coadjutor, those guns would scarcely have opened their rabid mouths to astonish people the next morning, and it is doubtful if there would have been any battery on the spot at all, with the exception of that committed upon the person of the thoughtless O — G —.

'The pestilence that walketh in darkness,' borne sea-ward by the land-breeze, fatally struck with its wings many whose constitutions were at all delicate. Close by me, sleeping after the fatigue of marching and digging in the new work, was one of the finest young men in my company — Bell — who survived the poisonous breath of bog and fen but forty-eight hours. Those who could, kept awake and in motion. Reading one's horoscope is at the best dull work, and there was but little else that could entertain sufficiently to repel sleep. I lay down for a moment to take a short nap, for my eyes were heavy as lead, and refused further duty without rest, when my thoughts were spirited away thousands of miles into refreshing scenes. There! my head was split in two, and a thousand pains racked my brain. Consciousness returned. A bomb-shell had struck the earth within a few yards of me, and the pieces of it were still howling and whistling through the air, when I awoke and instinctively pressed both hands to my aching head, and it was a matter of no little self-gratulation to find that my knowledge-box was unbroken. My sleep had been prolonged beyond prudence already, and had it not been for the explosive iron messenger, which spoiled my dreams, it might have been a deadly one.

Most of the stars first visible had sunk in the south-west, and the change of place of the innumerable throng showed how time had flown. Dark figures, revealed by the rockets' glare, each moment flitted through the foliage in spectral mysteriousness, like ghouls awaiting their repast in the cemetery. A blue-light from the bastioned walls for a single instant lit with a lurid gleam the circuit of half-a-mile. When the gloom was dispelled, some detached watchers were startled by the

sight of an object near them, bending like a weeping-willow, and to which the light had imparted an unearthly white ; and they could only see that it was the figure of a woman. It could not be chiselled marble, for it swayed as if with emotion ; and before they could utter a word, its unsullied whiteness had become blended with the darkness that obscured all the face of nature. When day broke, she rose from her recumbent position, and then it was ascertained that beneath a little mound of earth lay hid her greatest treasure.

The infernal enginery of war had not disturbed nor alarmed her. In reply to brief inquiries, she only pointed to the wild flowers which she had strewn upon the mound, and artlessly exclaimed, '*Niño mio!*' It was the grave of her child, which had perished in the siege, and she had stolen a burial-place as near as could be to consecrated ground. A woe-begone countenance attested that hers was no counterfeit sorrow. The love that knows no diminution when dangers dare, and caring cares assail, and the selfish world gives no joy, nor lends its aid to tranquilize a throbbing heart, had led the poor, half-crazed creature nightly to that spot. The blood of that land is warm and impulsive. About it is an impetuous magnanimity — oftener manifested by the women than the men — and in daring all the perils of nocturnal walks, she had only obeyed the dictates of affection, fearless of consequences. Shrinking from the contact of sun-light, she had wasted her strength in repairing thither, in the solitude of her own heart, to wear out her large, sleepless, tearless eyes.

Dawn had broken, when she departed, with a written pass to allow her to go unmolested through the line of camp-sentinels ; for though rudeness is not characteristic of the true soldier, an excess of zeal might have given her some uneasiness.

What mad-cap was it who was committing such extravagances in dancing and throwing himself about ? He seemed marvellously delighted at some discovery just made. The secret was unravelled. O — G — now perceived that the arch-enemy of mankind had not drawn him into his clutches, and so full was he of joy, he detailed the whole adventure with the white lady while on the picket-guard ; and it then occurred to him for the first time that the secret of her successful passage through the chapparal lay in her knowledge of the paths which intersect it. Those who knew the man did not doubt his veracity ; but the incredulous sailors who heard the tale deemed him a mad-man in regimentals, and would have emulated their officer in punishing him, but for the military odds against them. The time for full revenge was nigh at hand, however, when the wrath of the seamen was to be appeased. In the mean time, the best thing we can do is to allow matters to take their natural course.

All the foreign consuls in the city, namely, those of Great Britain, France, Spain, and Prussia, perceiving when too late the inadequate protection afforded by their cracked and mildewed walls against our missiles, memorialized the general-in-chief to be let out. The boon was denied. The opportune warning, to betake themselves with the neutral residents to other parts, they had lightly regarded ; so they were compelled to share with the poor women and children, cooped up

in the town, the incidents of a siege. The flag of truce returned in sadness with the message, and the work, interrupted by the parley, again went on.

All who remember the letting loose of several hundreds of wild colts from the vessels of war in the harbor, cannot well forget the futility of the attempt to blend the heterogeneous components of the army and navy into one mass. It was all one to Jack whether he pointed his heavy Paixhan guns at some particular object, as a flag-staff, a dome, or a steeple, and received for his correctness of aim the plaudits of the beholders; or whether, escaping from the restraint of his officers, he kicked up a rumpus with the men of the land. After dragging their marine artillery from the beach, through marsh and engulfing sand, while the forts and castle kept up an incessant fire upon them, the seamen were sent back to bring up a supply of ammunition, food for their wide-mouthed pets.

The boats were laden with celerity, but it took time to reach the land, and the time was employed by those on shore in all manner of duties. An attack was planned and successfully carried into execution, whereby the bibbles of a sutler suffered considerable demolition. The owner had incurred the displeasure of the soldiers, as well as that of the man-of-war's-men; so the devastation proceeded without a single ray of commiseration.

'Come on, St. Mary's; here's lots of lush; let's pay up our score.'

'Aye, aye, Raritans, pitch into 'em,' was the return.

'Here, Mississippi-men, lay in while you can.'

Thus every man was designated by the name of his ship, and an Albany and a John Adams would roll out a barrel to moisten a thirsty Mississippi, who, belonging to the flag-ship, would insist upon his priority of claim over a red-headed Raritan.

'Shut pan, you sailor-men, or I'll report you all to the commodore! Don't you hear me? I say that Commodore Perry shall hear all about this!' The sutler or one of his assistants had mounted a box to harangue the merry multitude, in the vain effort to affright them; but his oration was cut short in its exordium.

'Ho! ho! boys!—do you hear that? Going to report us all to the commodore!' said a boatswain's-mate.

'Good, good!' was the hearty response. Then a skittish young tar made a proposition to mount the gentleman, and to proceed in a body to meet the officers, to all of which the crowd joyfully acceded. The thought was a happy one; it showed politeness and good sea-manners. The unsuspecting dealer in hams, shoes, etc., was set upon a cast-off mule, amid the yells and hootings of the boisterous congregation; and some fifty, whose labors in the adjacent fields and bushes had been rewarded by the finding of nearly as many donkeys, formed into a procession.

'Where in the world did you get so many critters, boys?' inquired one.

'Thick as hops out yonder; fact is, they grow there. Go there, and

you'll may-be find some of your relations. Gee up, Dobbin! — no time to talk. Find a *horse* for yourself, my hearty.'

A temporary quarter-deck had been erected upon a beer-barrel, and a grave, imposing-looking old 'shiver-my-timbers,' in state, received the turbulent visitors. Some of the riders, unskilled as they were in equitation, had mounted back foremost, using the tail as a rudder to steer by, and others were rolling rough-and-tumble with the doleful-looking steeds.

'Here, commodore, is a gentleman who wants to hold a confabulation with you, please yer honor, and 's got a yarn to spin,' said the master of ceremonies, as he plucked his fore-lock and bowed in mock-gravity. The two sailors, who until that moment of presentation had assisted the vendor of shoes and molasses to keep his seat, let go their hold, when the mule pitched him to the ground. He was instantly seized and carried face to face with the dignitary *pro tem.*, but so offensive was his profanity to the sensitive ear of that high functionary that all parley was at an end, and a drum-head court-martial promptly instituted to try the delinquent.

'Who'll be counsel to defend him?' inquired the self-appointed judge-advocate.

'Is it defend him, ye say? Thin I'm jist yer man. How dare ye waste the good liquor, and ——' The new-comer was no stranger to many of the court, Mr. P. O —— G —— . He was always sure to be in any mischief that happened to be going on; and having, by a long potation, cleared his throat, signified his willingness that the trial should proceed. All irregularities being waved by the silence of the prisoner, there was a speedy termination of the case. The pseudo-commodore, upon the rendition of the verdict, made a feeling address to the condemned; and what heightened the interest of the scene to the initiated was the incontestable fact that a real commodore and a number of his officers were lying concealed in the bushes at a safe distance, enjoying the affair as much as any body could. Poor gentleman! he almost smothered himself in trying to keep from guffawing out loud; and actually was obliged to let out a reef in his waist-band. The severity of the sentence was abated not a jot. A half-gallon of his precious beer was emptied upon the head of the culprit; he was marched around to the whistled tune of the 'Rogue's-March,' then doubled up, and crammed into an empty tub, and then, like Diogenes, who lived in a tub, and practised the most rigid temperance at feasts, he stoically surveyed the clamorous men of the sea, as sumptuously they fared.

Our friend O —— G —— suffered himself to be led away into temptation, until the fermented liquors affected his equilibrium; and getting happy as a lord, he imagined that he was the superior of all the rest.

The honor of the navy was at stake. Regarding the story of his adventure with the white lady as a sheer fabrication, fit to be told only to the marines, the seamen, by a spontaneous movement, hurried O —— G —— down to the water, and hove him as far into the boiling surf as four pairs of lusty arms could send him. The ablution was

thrice repeated, as the waves cast him high and dry, until he began to look apoplectic; and then he was picked up and rolled over and over in the dry, white sand, so that he looked like a miller just out of a meal-bag. When released, he did not long deliberate, but fled, followed by the derisive cheers of the joyful mariners; thus experiencing a true idea of the contempt that a descent from prosperity brings with it. So ends the moral.

W. H. BROWNE.

H A R R I E T .

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

'THE heart in which he had hoarded all his secrets, all his hopes, was cold; and fame itself was but a shadow.'

I.

EARTH owned no purer and no fairer daughter,
And though her spirit panted to depart,
Hope, like a moon-flash on the darkened water,
Cheered many a mourning heart.

II.

DEATH came so gently to her pillow stealing,
And closed with touch so light and soft her eyes,
We thought that Sleep our well-beloved was healing,
And hushed heart-rending sighs.

III.

One bright, brief moment only did we cherish
A loved belief that she would wake again,
Forgetful that the summer rose must perish —
The star of morning wane.

IV.

Why on those beings our affections centre,
Of essence too ethereal for clay?
The door an angel-messenger will enter,
And beckon them away.

V.

Spirit of Beauty! vainly art thou flinging
Thy rosy mantle on the fragrant air;
Vainly thy lute of magic utterance stringing
With summer's golden hair.

VI.

We call for her in vain — no voice replieth;
And reigneth night that noon cannot dispel;
Beneath the flowery turf of June-time lieth
One that we loved too well.

Brooklyn, June 20th, 1854.

E L I Z A B E T H F R Y .

TIME moves in cycles, not revolving years,
 Whose rolling course the same dull impress bears;
 From age to age he plods his lengthening way,
 O'er empires born to flourish and decay.
 These on the historic page alike disclose
 The tale, in fraud and war, of human woes.
 Too rare, indeed, across its desert path
 One virtuous act redeems an age of wrath;
 More rarely still a clustering group appears
 Of those who rather dry than cause its tears.

Should some intent and curious student pore
 Through all our ancient oracles of lore;
 Scan, work by work, the records of the past,
 To what conclusion must he come at last?
 What, but that man is more a beast of prey
 Than formed or fit for Virtue's heavenly sway?
 That term, to us a synonym of love,
 The savage eagle types, but not the dove.
 To Roman ears brute valor bore the name;
 To Spartan, theft was glory, fraud was fame;
 Athena's justice, vaunted to the sky,
 Was *but* to shun the vilest treachery;
 Ascend from earth above, their gods are given
 Stained o'er with deeds far worthier hell than heaven.
 The childish phantoms of a madman's brain,
 A monstrous brood of Superstition's reign.

The classic stream of earth's primeval morn
 Her thousand heroes to our age has borne;
 But ah! how few exemplars worth the name,
 Of all its throng, that swell the tide of fame!
 How sparse the meek, the lowly, and the good,
 How poorly noticed o'er its rolling flood!
 Pride, pomp, and power, and savage fierceness bear
 The loftiest praise of human genius there.
 The historic pen, the poet's strain inspire
 To gild their rayless peaks with sacred fire,
 While Christian virtue, in its meek career,
 Receives a tribute from the passing sneer;
 Too much a stranger, like its sons, on earth
 For grovelling man to recognize its worth.

Yet, though so oft the desecrated muse
 Her loftiest strains to noblest themes refuse,
 And pass neglected humble goodness o'er
 To crown her heroes drenched in human gore,
 A lowly harp would fain essay to sing
 On subjects worthy of a HOMER's string.
 Too lately gone from harvest-fields below
 Are they its feeble notes would herald now:
 All fresh the labors of their glorious day
 Whose closing twilight scarce has passed away:

Their too familiar forms forbid the praise
Which distant stranger-tongues would loudly raise;
Their works, so recent wrought, too dazzling yet,
Those uncut jewels Time alone can set.

But though so nearly known and fondly loved,
So lately heard and seen, and scarcely moved,
All warm and life-like, from thine active sphere,
No years, ELIZA, needs thy high career.
From Newgate's cell to distant SYDNEY'S cove
Thy name is synonym of truth and love.
As from the dark and frozen pole is given
That wondrous light to arch the face of heaven,
Serene and brilliant o'er the Arctic snows,
Its modest radiance blushing as it glows;
So from that rock-ribbed den of vice and crime
A moral light has flashed to every clime.
The gentle, roseate rays of human love
Once more reflected from their SOURCE above,
Such as have shone through all that glorious band,
Who, like their MASTER moved at Truth's command.
Thine was the triumph of the conqueror's car;
Not in the horrid clash of outward war;
Not on the mangled limbs of hostile foes,
But over Vice, and all her train of woes.
Thine was the glorious lot to show that Faith,
Whose quickening power is stronger far than Death,
In wondrous beauty to a gazing world,
From depths whence every kindred sway was hurled.
Of the long line of Truth's meek pioneers,
Through want, oppression, wretchedness, and tears;
Through hatred, darkest cruelty, and blood,
Outcasts and aliens to the bad and good,
Thine was the happier task, with equal zeal,
To storm unwilling hearts in Love's appeal;
To force, in proofs, resistless Virtue's claim,
And float triumphant to a world-wide fame.

Yet not to thee alone these strains belong,
Though first and foremost in my humble song;
Thou art but one of that close-kindred band,
Whose gentle light illumines each Christian land.
Around thee cluster in thy radiant sphere
Souls scarcely less to MERCY'S mission dear;
A brother's* love and labors strengthened thine,
And with thy wreath his laurels well entwine:
With thee, with him shall pensive Memory dwell,
And mourning hearts in thankful rapture swell,
As kindling high the flame which Virtue rears,
Such love, such works as yours shall melt to tears;
Time will but hallow names so nearly joined
In worthiest triumphs of immortal mind,
As undivided as in yonder sphere
Ye live more radiant and for ever dear.
Nor at your festive board in proud array,
When nearest kindred met to mark the day,
Were you the only oracles of Fame,
The Rolands of your far-ennobled name:

* JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

Another* there with tall, commanding mien,
 As fitly graced the glories of the scene.
 He on whose lips the British Senate hung,
 While Genius, Pathos, Mercy moved his tongue;
 When thoughts and words as burning as her clime
 Made Afric's countless wrongs a cause sublime.
 Yet onward still, my muse: another† there,
 For whom e'en now we shed th' unbidden tear;
 A meek-eyed elder plodding in your train
 To die in harness o'er the distant main.
 Another still, and others might succeed,
 To nations known in many a glorious deed;
 Some, like yourselves, beyond the ills of Time,
 And some yet wanderers through this lower clime.
 But to the worthy dead alone I raise
 The passing tribute of my feeble praise;
 The living, loved, and honored claim from me
 No herald's meed to dim futurity.

Say, where in all the chronicles of yore
 A brighter group has kindred virtue bore?
 What to the sterling worth of one like this
 Rome's lofty claim for Fabian nobleness?
 Her vaunted family of warriors bled
 With kindred butchers on their heaps of dead;
 Their proud ambition bounded by their name
 To fight and win the patriot's doubtful fame.
 What fair CORNELIA's jewels, dimmed in blood,
 By passion fierce and dire intestine feud?
 Or, aptly matched in Alba's earlier day,
 Her three with Rome's in wild fraternal fray,
 When armies stood spectators of the fight,
 And brutal murder crowned the victor's right!
 Shall such, the savage bull-dog's, praise be ours,
 Who claim companionship with heavenly powers;
 Whom God designed with angel-hosts to stand
 Before His throne, one ever-mingling band?
 Forbid the thought in every honest breast,
 Whose faltering tongue has Christian faith professed;
 Forbid the praise to man, whose highest skill
 Is but the warrior's goal, the most to kill.
 A nobler aim our Gospel message bears,
 To heal their wounded hearts, to dry their tears;
 To seek the haunts of wretchedness and woe,
 And point whence perfect peace alone can flow.
 Yet oh! of all the wars which man may wage,
 No nobler contest can his powers engage
 Than that with Self, the demon bound within,
 Whose rule is service to a world of sin.
 Without this conquest, vain the victor's wreath;
 With it, he triumphs over more than Death;
 The transient trophies of his earthly sway
 Will pass, as valueless, with years away;
 But in that birth where stubborn Nature dies
 He starts, a champion for the heavenly prize;
 Reaps even here the hundred-fold of gain,
 And bears his blessings to an endless reign.

* THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, her brother-in-law.

† WILLIAM FORSTER.

Thus, as the muse your harvest-field surveys,
 She yields the tribute of unmingled praise;
 For such exemplars to a sinful earth
 But justly claims the crown of Christian worth —
 That loftiest fame — a pure, unselfish love,
 In wisdom leading man to bliss above.
 Long may we seek a group like yours in vain,
 Through rolling years on Earth's ensanguined plain —
 Long, long, ELIZA, wait for one like thee again.

J. J. W.

Philadelphia, Tenth Month, 1854.

MATRIMONY AND MEDICINE.

A TALE OF A DOCTOR'S WOOING.

Θηλυ λεγειν Ατρειδας
 Θηλυ δε Καδμων αδειν
 Δε βαρβιτων δε χορδαις
 Εγταν μουνον εχει.

QUOTED FROM MEMORY.

'MATRIMONY,' said a friend one day, 'is the penalty which a physician must pay for success.' This was a home-thrust, and I immediately began to balance the matter, and to look at the *pros* and *cons*. At the first glance at the '*pros*' they seemed to project themselves into a problem, which has resolved into the following prodigious array. The first *pro*, which really seemed a poser for a modest man, was a proposal, and this I was quite desirous to procrastinate, especially after the thought of a profession of love being necessary, with the prodigal promises to continue to love, honor, and cherish came to mind. Then came the duties of a procreator; the care of little prodigies; the provender which every day would require. Then I looked at the property that might be acquired, and the prosperity ensuing; the affair looked truly profitable, and really it was rather provoking to turn away and consider the '*cons*;' but I was compelled to allow that the consent of the lady concerned in this conjugal arrangement was absolutely necessary. My own self-conceit set this objection aside as unworthy of contemplation. I would admit of no contingency that should contradict my will in this particular. The connections might conclude that my condition was not exactly the thing; but we must expect contradiction, and I was ready to pass this by, so long as the lady did not give me a *cong  *.

The affair seemed quite concluded; the confab was over; the consort was ready; the prodigies, being only a matter of conception, seemed not contrary to the general congratulation. All that was necessary was to regulate my conduct by conjugal rules, which might be easily done with a little constraint, though contrasting with my long-continued habits. A little concession on her side, constancy on both, concord would undoubtedly ensue and content result. Old bachelor friends would call in to condole, and find but conviviality.

In this way I reasoned, propriety settled the controversy ; what seemed a conundrum was decided now, con, and the elixir pro had to go down, though I should be in convulsions afterward.

The pros and cons being thus settled in my mind, the actualities were to be attended to. '*Le mariage se propose la vie, tandis que l'amour ne se propose que la plaisir*?' an affair which should continue with the breath, and in the results of which the viewless future was deeply interested. Such a matter should not be entered into hastily. Faith! there seems little probability of that. Already an old bachelor, and a life spent in wife-seeking! A walk in Broadway, tickets to concerts, theatres, ladies' fairs, evening visits, social parties, and grand balls, all entered upon with the spirit, and the same end in view — a wife. Have I not in obedience to imaginary fancies spent a small fortune in bouquets, ridden hard-trotting horses, brought on numberless attacks of bronchitis by my serenading those who slept through it all? But then the tip-toe of expectation on which I have been raised at various periods! alas! only to come down again the more heavily upon the flat foot of sober reality.

Then was n't I over head and ears in love with the beautiful Amanda? Oh! what delicious lips, and a cheek — who could choose between them? I had a hard squeak that time. She was a charming girl. Was it not a pity that she was so indolent? She always looked so neat; no hair-papers visible at breakfast: we boarded together. I scarcely found it out; but I chanced to pass by her room, and the door was unfortunately ajar. What a litter! It was a pity that she had no mother. The only way to choose between lips and cheek I found was to take neither. 'T was a shame! Why did n't her grand-mother bring her up better? Well, I remained a bachelor. But it took some time to get over that. Such an eye, too! Heigh-ho!

Who would have thought, that had seen Amanda, that I should ever have fancied plain Deborah? Perhaps it was the contrast. The majestic carriage and symmetrical form were absent, but there was a plumpitude — was n't there a trifle *too much*? That question I was some time in solving. Poor complexion; no particular beauty in the *contour* of the face; but one of those dark-blue eyes, that seem brim-full of feeling. As we sat on the door-step of the country-house where we met, and looked at the young Moon flirting with Mr. Jupiter — they were very near together but they never were united — that blue eye looked to my little gray bullet so affectionately, so confidently — there! my heart is all in a twitter again! It was a sweet voice as she spoke almost in my ear. She said nothing, but that nothing was all for me. 'Deborah, can you love me? — will you be mine?' I did n't say so, though the words were trembling (so was I too) on my lips. I was interrupted by the kind officiousness of her aunt. I hope that she never suffered from the maledictions that I inwardly showered upon her. 'Are you not afraid of taking cold, sitting in the falling dew?' 'To-morrow will do as well,' I soliloquized. We looked again at Madam Luna and Jupiter.

The next day came Deborah's mother. Whew! what a monster! She seemed the embodiment of a soap-boiler's dream. Such rolls of

fat! 'Is it possible that my Deborah can ever equal this?' I never called her *my* Deborah again. When next I looked at the moon, Jupiter was invisible. That aunt is a very clever woman in my opinion. That *was* a revulsion!

I never told you, did I, of the winter I spent in the country, in a little town of some six hundred people? It was many years ago, but fond remembrance brings up the form of my 'dear friend.' Yes, that was the appellation agreed upon as proper for us to use, and there was no reservation in regard to emphasis. Elvira was the euphonious appellation of one who won my respect and a portion of the right side of my heart. If Danby was a small town, it contained any amount of scandal. You shall judge whether the reason for its display toward *me* was just.

It was my junior year in college, when I thought I would spend a portion of winter in school-teaching. The preceding winter I had found it particularly pleasant. There is something very delightful to the young scholar in the respect paid to 'the master' by the entire people of a country town. Next to the clergyman and the village doctor, 'the master' is the most distinguished individual in the community. The 'select-men' of the town dwindle before him, and the school-committee even are unnoticed in his presence. While so esteemed in the town, in the school-house respect becomes adoration. If you know not by actual observation the feelings with which 'the master' is received in a country town, read Irving's picture of Ichabod Crane, and you have an idea which perhaps should be modernized to give you a true opinion of the state of his monarchical character.

I had scarcely arrived in town when I began to make inquiries relative to the inhabitants of the place, of whom I knew nothing. The school I was to teach had been under the direction of a female during the summer, when those who were too small to attend to the farming occupations, or too troublesome to be kept at home, were sent to school, to be taught their letters and kept out of the way. Miss Elvira was the 'school-marm.'

'Elvira is a smart gal, and the best hand at the needle anywhere reöund,' said the old lady.

'That's a fact; and she's the greatest gal at a dance that you can find *any* wheres. She can dance with the best on 'em; and she ain't slow where there's *cooking* going on, neither. She can do the work for twenty men easy, too,' replied the *pater-familias*.

'I guess you can't find no body that can hold a candle to *her* in the singing line. You'll hear her Sunday, master, 'cause she sits in the seats. Huldah Burnham can't begin. You'll know her right off, 'cause she sits at the head, and has a white bonnet.'

This little disinterested testimony was from the old man's son, 'Bijah.

'Why don't you make up to her?' I asked; 'is she too old?'

'No; she's only twenty; but she don't wink at *every* body. There's Ike Blood, *he's* a-trying. But he can't shine, no how he can fix it. He's doing his prettiest tew, but that cat wo'n't jump. It's no use. She's a nice one, though, that's a fact.'

'Is she pretty?' I inquired.

'I guess you 'd better ask! 'Pretty?' You 'd better think of all the pretty girls you ever seed, all at once, and *then* 't won't be a circumstance. Elvira takes the rag off any thing there 's about *these* parts.'

'Well, well,' says the old lady, 'there 's no use of your going into conniptions 'bout her, 'Bige. There 's good enough gals about beside *her*. She is smart, though, and will throw off a mighty sight of work. I must get her here next week a-quiltin'. Did n't you hear she 's up to 'Squire Hide's, a-dress-making?'

Now this conversation was 'kind of' interesting, and I began to wonder if she had ever seen a junior. That night I dreamt of Eden, and Elvira played the part of Eve. On Sunday morning I was at church in excellent season, but not a word of the service did I hear; for my eyes were fixed upon a yellow-haired girl, with a pink bonnet and green ribbons, who sat at the head of the female singers. Her voice was beyond Italian nomenclature, and was a nasal screech in its character. Good gracious! — can that be she, so praised?

Fortunately not. She had been detained, and Huldah Burnham was officiating in her place. But the Tuesday after, calling in at the little country tavern, I noticed a form — I could scarcely call it fairy — passing through the entry; and ready for any adventure, I watched for further developments, which a tiny figure and a dainty ankle had induced me to think were behind. I waited the whole evening in vain; a sweet voice, carelessly humming some little air, was all that rewarded my attention.

The Thursday following commenced the New Year, and it was to be celebrated by a dance and supper at the tavern. Such an affair was a great occasion for the inhabitants of this little village, and in its preparation Elvira was absolutely necessary. The pies to be made, turkeys and chickens to be stuffed and cooked, cakes, custards — in short, every thing was under her supervision. It was she, undoubtedly, of whom I had caught a glimpse in the hall. My respect for her increased. Capability has always been high in my estimation. The indolent beauty has always seemed to have an insipidity that nauseated me, even at the moment when I was perhaps the most enraptured. As soon as the knowledge of her worthlessness came, the shadows of an approaching love faded away.

New-Year's eve came, and, as may be supposed, I was early present. The affair was no starched city gathering, which commenced at ten o'clock, and where the guests departed as soon as they were stuffed by the supper. The company was for the most part assembled when I arrived at half-past six o'clock.

I was not long searching for the belle of the evening. Conspicuous above all the rest for becoming toilet and graceful manners was Elvira. She was not, perhaps, what a careless observer would call beautiful. Indeed, there were several present who could boast more regular features and a more shiny appearance. There was something, however, in Elvira which supplied this want to a man who was accustomed to look for and demand intelligence instead of mere flesh and blood. This was evident in her lustrous gray eye. Talk of black and blue eyes; quote

your poets, as you will certainly do; but after all, the gray eye, expressing alike intelligence and feeling; the pupil now enlarging with excitement till scarce a tittle of its color can be seen, now cold and contracted, seemingly grayer than ever—all passion cast aside, and impartial judgment alone remaining—ah! this is the eye that rules man!

Her forehead was most noticeable. Large and prominent, with the skin seemingly drawn tight and smooth over it, it appeared a veritable dome, overshadowing the temple of the indwelling thought.

Are you fond of a nose? It is the great index to the character. Energy, decision, earnestness are marked by it. You are fond of chiselled Grecian? Or are you travelled, and does the *nez retroussé* of the French grisette please by its associations? Elvira was graced by a nose of a moderate size, smooth and well cut, and slightly Roman in character; not that it was hawked; it was as sweetly chiselled as ever sculptor's fancy pictured. The personification of all that is beautiful in noses, it rises now to my vision. Would that it were as near my eyes now as it has been!

As for her mouth, there was enough of it. Beautiful teeth rendered it less exaggerated when open than its ampleness would otherwise have caused it to appear. When closed, it must have been by some patent for condensation, so charming it appeared; its rosy lips pouted with a semi-sensuousness that was my only excuse for kissing them so often. The exquisitely fragrant breath was, however, some apology.

‘THEN beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple shades a love within,
Would her neck, with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending.’

Dark brown hair and a tiny ear, and a general hue of health in her slightly dark skin, and I believe I have pictured her pretty completely.

‘It is a pity,’ said the old lady the next day, ‘that she isn’t either a little taller or less thick.’

‘Perhaps so,’ I replied; ‘but if she never grows any bigger round, ’t won’t matter much.’

‘Why, master, how you talk! But they say you cut Ike Blood clean out. That new-fashioned city dance that you and she did together fixed him! What do you call that thing?’

‘It is a French dance called the waltz. But was it never danced here before?’

‘No, *never!*’ says ‘Bige. ‘Pretty good hugging, was n’t it? That paid up for the kicked shins, I reckon. Come, master, you must give me a lesson or two in it, and I’ll make Huldah Burnham do for me!’

So it was. I had waltzed with Elvira, much to the envy and dissatisfaction of the jealous beaux. Most of them resigned to the ‘master,’ and after supper voted him a first-rate fellow. And he? He felt tolerably satisfied with himself as he put *her* into the sleigh, when all was over, at four o’clock in the morning, having first kissed her on the dark staircase as they came from the dressing-room.

This little fellow whom they call CUPID, but whose real name is Cupidity, is not near so bold a wight as he is represented to be. Like

Napoleon, he has had himself painted not as he is but as he wants to be. You would never find him if you seek for him standing right in your path, without either shirt or breeches on, only a string of roses round his neck and his drawn bow in his hand. Cupid is a sneak. The rattlesnake, who is less venomous, and who can't wound but one at a time, lets folks know when he is about. With *this* fellow, the first you know is, that *you are hit*. So it was with me. I had withstood the full and combined attack of all her charms in the ball-room, but those glimpses in the shawl-room as I assisted her in her robing — that stolen kiss in the narrow passage — ! When in this flustered, unprepared state, just *then*, this Cupid attacked me. I surrendered at once.

But do n't imagine, ye notional, pie-crusty, crotchety old bachelors, or ye vinegar-faced, baby-hating, self-absorbed spinsters, that Cupid would not waste his shot upon, who know nothing of this little devil's ammunition, that I gave up at once ! The poisoned point of a Malay crease is healthiness itself to the barbed and venomous arrows of this arch-enemy ! One thinks himself unwounded, or at most infers a mere scratch ; but the subtle poison slowly and imperceptibly pursues its fatal work, until when discovered the time for cure is gone.

I will not weary your patience with the details of this winter's thoughts and actions, nor of the sleigh-ride to a ball in a neighboring town with the thermometer below zero. But we had to sit close then. I did not, however, think of the cold. Weeks had passed since our acquaintance. Night after night had I spent with her, in nice warm quarters, on the old settle before the waning fire and the unsnuffed candle, 'talking sentiment' long after the 'old folks' had retired ; and I had made up my mind that this evening should plight us. But it was too cold altogether for any thing, except for the 'stiff upper lip' which people are recommended to keep on such occasions. Mine was almost frozen, and I in vain attempted to speak distinctly. Involuntarily my voice trembled with the cold, so that it was scarcely intelligible. After numerous attempts to speak, as we sat wrapped up in a buffalo-skin, one hand engaged in driving a spirited steed whose rapid steps sent a shower of fine snow in our faces, as we glided over the path, that glistened in the light of a full moon ; with one arm encircling her waist, I found that the question would n't pop ; and with an extra kiss, more than ordinarily emphatic, I concluded to wait till we were again seated on the old settle before the fire. It was three o'clock when I left her at her father's door.

Delays are dangerous. In consequence of sickness in some branch of the family, I had no opportunity to press the matter, or my dear Elvira either, before my return to the University. But I promised speedily to ride to Danby and see her, or to C —, where she was to make a visit. But we never again met. A single month only after my departure, she was married to a man that she had never seen at that time — a traveling portrait-painter. My last accounts of her were that she had fourteen children and good prospects in the future. Fortunately it is not my bread and butter that fills their mouths.

On a fiery July day, when the thermometer — who is either of a very

mercurial temperament or of a spirited disposition — gets high early in the morning, and in the warmth of his passion rages through the nineties, and is meditating suicide by dashing his head in pieces, sometimes very unexpectedly he finds himself cooled down from blood-heat to temperate and bordering upon freezing. Those who have been in love, and, as I have described, like parching corn upon the furnace, all ready to pop, can understand the sensation without this simile, and can ‘phansy my pheelinks.’ Time alone can console me for such a misfortune.

When the direful cholera is swinging his death-scythe through our midst, and leaving heaps of the slain in his dreadful swarth, how much consolation do we obtain from the wise opinions of the learned faculty, that the disease is not contagious, but epidemic? One would suppose, from the previous narration, that I should in future have kept out of the way of further attacks of love-sickness. But what was the use when the thing was not ‘catching,’ if I was ‘pre-disposed?’ It was endemic where I was, be I where I might. I took it epidemically and sporadically. I had it by vaccination and inoculation, and the ‘natural way.’ Like the fever-and-ague of the West, it seemed to stay in my system. It was not unlike this disease in some other respects, for there was a hot stage and a subsequent cold one, then a space of apparent health; these identical forms, after the interval, going on just the same.

It was many years anterior to what we have written, when a country school-boy, that the fever first set my heart burning. There appeared one summer Sunday morn a new face in the church: a straw-hat and blue ribbons and brown lustrous curls, hanging below and half-hiding the back. It was all that appeared above the pew-top. ‘Do, me, sol!’ uttered the chorister through his nasal organ, as a starting-pitch for the choir, and up rose the entire audience and ‘faced the music,’ including the stranger in the straw-hat. Not even the thought of her moist, clammy, cold hand, or the fact that she did say No, finally, can prevent my thinking with interest upon that charming youthful face. Scarcely sixteen, she was a woman in appearance and in feeling. Her eye was like the morning dew-drop as first kissed by the rising sun, so pure and resplendently flashing under its deeply-fringed lid. They were the antipodes of Lethe’s waters; for who once bathed in their radiance never forgot. She was one ‘where every god had seemed to set his seal to give assurance of a perfect woman.’

Time, that brought acquaintance and admiration of the person, but led the way to respect for abilities and honor for the character. I loved her; yes, I believe I did love her. I don’t believe that love is catching, for if so, why did n’t she take it, too? But I let concealment — Well, if I let it then, I will let it alone now. If she was young, she was not so young as I, though she numbered fewer years.

Time sped, and after getting over the ‘chills’ of my Elvira fever, and being determined to have a wife, if I took my friends, and thinking over among my acquaintance for the most fitting one, I remembered one never forgotten, whom I had not seen for many years. *Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.* This slight imprudence brought on the fever anew, and I determined to see her again; and the next day posted off to the neighboring city. It was evening when I approached her house.

I had previously had a fine dinner at the T — House, the first venison of the season. I saw a lady enter a coach. Conjecturing that it was she, I determined to follow it, which I did, to the theatre. I was not mistaken. She was accompanied by a man of some fifty years, who had recently brought back his yellow skin from the Indies. Melinda Frances must have been thirty. She still wore her curled hair 'down her back,' and her beauty seemed not to have lost by time. She did not notice me; perhaps knew me not, for time had turned the smooth-cheeked boy into a man. Inquiries elicited that, though having refused many offers, she was still single, but that the yellow man was an old admirer and a present suitor.

— When a boy, and about to receive a whipping, I once placed a book under my jacket, and another somewhat lower, which had a marvellous effect in giving me fortitude sufficient to bear the castigation in a becoming manner. — On this occasion, remembering the old dodge, I determined to try the same, and to receive the blow, if it came, mitigated by the medium of Uncle Sam. I therefore immediately returned home, and in a letter of some length introduced my business in a speedy manner; told her the duration of the incubation of my love; reminded her that we neither were as young as we once were; my business prospects — first-rate on paper; said not a word of her bank-director papa; begged for a speedy answer, and posted it. I have now before me the hurried copy, scarcely legible. How my heart beats at the perusal! The hopes then burning, the fears long since realized — why is my breathing now restrained, unless I did love her?

She was no coquette, but her answer was ambiguous, at least I so conceived it, and like a drowning man, I jumped at a straw. Her second answer I thought laughed at my eagerness. Still she commenced, 'My Dear —.' Cruel thoughtlessness! After the lapse of so many years, that word still looks Tantalus-like. Two daintily-written notes of three or four pages! Why were not some of the words spelt incorrectly, or even a blot or erasure, that I might think, perchance, my judgment was deceived in her! She should not have written a line, far less, as she did. She should have told her cook, with hands reeking with onions, to inclose in a yellow envelope the word No, torn from a newspaper with ragged edges, sealed with a villainous black wafer, half-gushing from under the edge, that not an idea of her might remain to gall a sensitive heart.

In my heart are two shrines for female sainthood. — In one is niched the ever-dear image of her that bore me, who solaced my youthful griefs; but who, alas! could not receive the confidences of manhood in her heavenly resting-place. — In the other stands the sanctified image of my love, dead to me, though she still walks the world, embalmed in my memory, garnered-up as a type of female loveliness and excellence — the impersonation of purity and — who dares call her an old maid in my hearing?

To solace my griefs, I visited the Old World, and spent a winter in Paris. I had rooms with a milliner; please ask no questions. One day she said that a lady-customer had informed her that a friend purposed giving a party in a few days, but that, being short of gentlemen,

had requested her to invite six ; but alas ! she knew almost none, and inquired of my hostess if she could assist her. The reply was that she had a young American ; that was I. 'Delightful ! Foreigners are so *distingué*.'

'Yes, and he makes such charming mistakes. Last week, he told the servant to wash his *tiroirs* , meaning his *caleçons* , and in consequence had his bureau-drawers washed, instead of his articles of clothing ! Ha ! ha ! And when I was ill, on the night of M^{me}. B.'s party, with the head-ache, and could not go, when he entered, on the inquiry, naturally enough, where I was, don't you think he said, 'M^{lle}. *est accouchée*,' meaning, poor fellow, to say, M^{lle}. *est couchée*. Mr. G — inquired whether it was a boy or a girl !'

'Oh ! do ask him. He is just the person ; he will make such sport.'

Thus was I invited to the party of Madame T —. There was some little manœuvring necessary. I was requested to invite some of my countrymen, which I did. The evening previous to the party, Monsieur X —, the husband of my hostess's customer, called and was introduced to me, and I then went with him to his house and was introduced to his wife ; and the next evening I went with my friends to the party, and was presented to Madame T — ; then presented my friends, and we sat down upon a sofa together. All were engaged in dancing, and not a lady was left. Soon a dame of nearly forty, in gorgeous attire, entered, and took a vacant seat by my side. In a few moments I had asked her to dance the next polka with me, was accepted, and, winking to my friends, moved away. Taking the hint, in a similar manner one after another repeated the exercise ; and the lady, in less than as many minutes, found herself engaged for the four next dances. Who she was, we knew not, and she knew as little of us. We had, it seemed, been introduced pretty thoroughly at first, so needed no subsequent ones. Well, the dances were danced, and we saw no more of the lady. A week after, I and one friend only received a written invitation to a party on the Boulevard Possonaire ; went, and found it was our dancer of the previous evening. She introduced to me her daughter of eighteen years ; by all odds the prettiest girl I had seen in Paris, and during the evening, I danced three or four times with her. A few days after, how was I astonished to receive a formal offer of the hand of M^{lle}. Eugenie T —, only a fortnight out of the convent, where her youth had been spent, and a dowry of two hundred thousand francs. She was the beauty of the ball, the daughter of the owner of a celebrated café restaurant, well known in that locality. But my destiny was not yet accomplished.

One good effect resulted. A semi-oblivion shrouded my past griefs, and I found that foreign air was no longer necessary as a stimulus for a mind diseased. Soon after I seemed to be running the gauntlet through rows of ladies, each with some potent charm raised in a threatening attitude against my heart. Every one seemed armed, and those without the natural armament spoken of appeared in the ranks with borrowed locks, teeth, and other articles, to appear equipped as the law directs. The most formidable were a California widow, and a lady

with a husband languishing in a consumption. 'Hedging' in matrimony seems rather small business.

Having gone so long unscathed by any death-dealing ball — the flesh-wounds of former encounters being healed — it came at last. Listen to my sad narrative :

It was a ball, sure enough, given in celebration of the finishing of the education of sundry and divers young ladies, who at that time were let loose upon the troubled world, after having for a longer or a shorter term of years daily ridden in a collecting and distributing omnibus from the residences of their respective parents to the house of Mme. — , extra finisher and clear-starcher of young ladies. (The publisher respectfully states that the name and address of any respectable establishment will be here inserted in subsequent editions, for the sum of five dollars per line for each edition, and an explanatory and inflammatory foot-note appended, of any reasonable length, for the farther sum of twenty-five dollars.

I always looked upon balls as a sort of bazar, where were collected a great variety of marriageable wares — sometimes indeed present participles worn — where every article was held up to view in the best attitude, and in its most appropriate light. I had long known the tricks of jockeys, and preferred to see my animal before being harnessed, unchecked and uncured, where Nature might show itself, rather than when led out by a knowing one, and 'put through its paces' in an artistic manner. The reader will pardon my comparison, induced by an up-town aristocracy, ex-green-grocer lady's expressive nomenclature of her daughter after the latest French classification, founded on the fact of a week's stopping at Meurice's, in Paris, during their six weeks' tour in France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and England. If she had not designated her child as a 'bel-le fil-le' in her attempts at affiliation, my simile would never have existed.

I have arrived at this late period in my adventures without giving you any description of myself, which very satisfactorily proves of how little importance it is ; but one particular is absolutely necessary to be told. My inches number, including boot-heels, exactly sixty-three and seven-eighths. Well, at this party, my quizzical friend P — maliciously introduced me to Miss Bertha Maiden, whose conglutinated inches, without boot-heels, not then fashionable, were in the aggregate seventy-two and a fraction. Miss Bertha was in other respects a slim individual, dressed in a tight-fitting black velvet. Her face was rather pretty, of the *petite* order. At a ball, one must dance, and, in consequence, I invited her to join in the polka, and away hopped sixty-two and seven-eighths inches in tow of seventy-two inches ; and that is the long and the short of the story, as far as that evening was concerned, save and except the laugh of P — and other friends at my expense, and an introduction to Augusta, Bertha's smaller sister, whose intelligent countenance, radiant with excitement, had drawn my attention during the whole of the previous evening. Augusta possessed grace and beauty of that Oriental type supposed to be almost fabulous, which is pictured as characterizing the daughters of the East. Such

glorious dark eyes, softly beaming from between her long curving lash, beneath a brow like ivory! This was the charm conspicuous in the constellation that conspired to make up the entity. We danced more than once, and parted. Some months after we again met. There was that same sweetness of expression that so pleased me, but I thought there was a look of weakness in it! Her conversation was not sufficiently free to give me an idea of her mind.

I called to see her. The tall sister I found was 'spoken for;' but so many beaux thronged the house, that I never once got an opportunity to peep behind the curtain of reserve that concealed her inner self from my gaze.

One scorching day, in the course of the succeeding summer, I sat, endeavoring to think of some effectual way of forgetting the heat, and finally concluded to write a note to Augusta, and blame her for not attending church the last Sabbath afternoon, as she had agreed, notwithstanding the thunder-shower. I thought that I would, by a long prelude, cause her to wonder what the letter was about, till the closing sentence or a subsequent postscript might unfold the mystery. As you will see, the latter was forgotten, and the letter which eventuated was as follows:

'Monday morning, July 23.

'MY DEAR MISS A — : It is pretty well, is it not, to commence with an impertinence? But the thing is done, and now I'll stick to it. I'll profess Quakerism; for they, the Friends, are allowed to do what they please, say what they wish, with the sole penalty of adhering to it. This I am willing to do. So — just to prove that I ain't afraid, I'll repeat. My dear Augusta: I commenced this note with the intention (I presume you know very well with what intention, and if you don't, you must be well tired out in waiting 'for to discover' what my intentions are, especially when it is a matter of some doubt how many pages more it will be necessary to read before coming to the point. Some say that delays are dangerous, and others that — but no matter; you'll find it all in the Proverbs of Solomon, or somewhere else. Why, therefore, should I be spending the time in writing you what you either already know, or don't wish to learn, evinced by your not having searched where you might have found it all, and probably much more?'

'Let's commence again, now, all fair. My dear Miss Augusta, do n't be in a fluster, that I had the intention, as I've already made mention, to tell you the why — and I came very nigh letting the thing out, when I first set about mending my pen; and after that, when I stuck it in the ink, and thought for to think.

"Now, surely, was ever a fellow so vexed in his life,
Except with that horrible person what's called a wife?
I've had the thing twice on my tongue all ready to pop out,
But it's down the wrong way and never has got out."

'Now I beseech you, dear lady, by all the things that were ever beseeched by, do n't be in a passion. Keep cool, if the thermometer is at eighty. 'Do n't let your angry passions rise: my little hands' are

busy writing something which you can scarcely read with your eyes. However, I'll try again, and have a fair page for a fairy person to — what? Here goes: 'A fair field and no favors.'

'My dear Miss Augusta:

'There, that looks well; something like a commencement, only I don't quite like the name. The Augusta is very fine, but the handle to it — Miss — decidedly in bad taste. Fortunately, every thing in this world is transitory, and this mundane sphere must pass away, and what I object to is changeable.

'Well, that is all true, now that — now that I think of it.

'But one does not generally put on one coat over another, and there is a time when having taken off the old, one stands undecided — that is, if the poor devil has more than one — which to choose, the black or the gray.

'If we should act thus with this name of yours, should take off the great-coat, the jacket, and let it stand, so to speak — and I desire above all things to be delicate, and modest, and decorous, and polite, and correct, and — but, as one cannot get half what they wish, it's no use saying more than half; and therefore I'll return to the third line back, the one under my finger.

'Having taken off the outer garments, we'll come back to what has before been 'hidden, but now revealed,' and the name stands out in its shirt-sleeves; and now I think I've really got a-going. Here is the result of our disrobing and unveloping. My dear Augusta: Even now this does not seem right. As a man of conscience and probity, I can't go on in error, at least in uncertainty. That adjective-pronoun? The laws of *meum* and *tuum* were made long before those of Lycurgus or Moses, and there is such a thing as stealing!

'Now this sheet is not half large enough for me to say how glad I should be to be able to say 'My —,' and therefore I won't try to say it. One should stick to the truth. What a pity this 'My' was n't truth! The adhesion would be —

'It is not yet known how much ozone there is in the atmosphere; and yet it is known to exist in it. Now, till that question is settled, how can you expect me to say, ignorant as I am, whether adhesion is part of me, or in me, or around me, or of which I am in any way possessed; how can you expect me to say how much I have? It is evidently absurd; therefore I'll go on with all the truth I can muster, and with all sincerity.

'Dear Augusta: (that's correct:)

'When I commenced, I thought, or really had something to say to you. Whether I've said it I know not, but I am very certain that I have no room to say any thing more, and scarcely that, squeezed down as I am in a corner. Still, I can yet say that, hot as it is, I am truly your friend.'

This letter was considered, as events and time have shown, to have a rather dubious signification, though I had written more as a matter of sport than any thing else; certainly with no especial design of an amatory character.

A week elapsed before it was determined in what manner it should be received, and then it was resolved to meet innuendo by innuendo, and what was dubious by what was equally doubtful. You shall see the result in the following letter :

'Monday morning, Aug. 20.

'MY DEAR FRIEND : Do I presume? I think not ; for have I not your warrant that such you are, or at least were? But then the temperature was some degrees warmer than at present, and may not the ardor of your friendship have abated proportionally? But I will not think so. I will not judge your friendship thermometrically, for then — oh! how I should dread winter? Zero! — terrible! It gives me a chill to think of it, and so I will dismiss it; for I was ever averse to frosty weather, frosty people, or frost in any thing excepting cream; that being the only frozen substance I ever found at all tolerable, owing probably to its unsubstantial quality or quantity, I don't know which; but still, rather more I presume from its dissoluble properties, it being the only thing that ever had the grace to melt in my presence.

'But I believe I am digressing, and I fear I have receded too far from my subject — that is, if I had one — ever to overtake it. But no matter. I think it was a cold one: it must have been friendship. Whew! it has almost frozen my fingers while writing it; and so I shall let it alone until it thaws; and, although sometimes 'delays are dangerous,' I do n't intend to wait till it all evaporates, but obtain the essence if possible before exhaling, and by some alchemical process of distillation, to extract — what? Ah! the spirits! — of what? the spirits of friendship? Why, who ever heard of such a thing? I must be getting transcendental, or else really spiritual, so I will leave it awhile preparatory to its transmutation.

'I have an idea that when I commenced scribbling I had a question to ask, and think it was this: What penalty, Doctor, do you think a physician would merit who, calling upon a person unsolicited, finding him apparently satisfied of the healthy state of each limb, and also confident that not more than the ordinary complement has fallen to his lot, and of which the physician is also cognizable; and yet who, without so much as asking leave, ruthlessly proceeds to lop off each member, until the poor trunk is left unsupported; merely because, forsooth, they did not please his fastidious fancy, and that too without the power or will even of substituting others? Why, I think it, and so must you, the most wanton piece of barbarity ever heard of. And yet, can you believe it possible that in this civilized country there is a physician (one, too, who professes to be my friend) that has been guilty of a parallel cruelty to me? Though I must confess the injury to be a nominal one, yet in this instance it is none the less real for that, or less culpable either; inasmuch as he has had the inhumanity to sever the most important, and distinguishing, and indispensable appendix to my name, because he did not like it; thus leaving me, comparatively, as badly off as that mutilated patient, with but this insignificant appellation — Augusta. Too bad, is it not?

'But I am determined to have the wrong redressed, and, in lieu, have

one I fancy more, or else regain the one I have lost, which, in candor,
will most probably to Your friend still

'Always remain, Maiden.'

This is an answer, dear reader, that jumped with my fancy, and I jumped with joy on its reception. Surely that girl is worth knowing. There is something there not every day seen — wit as well as beauty! She is fully up to the mark. Handles the pen in a masterly manner. I was always partial to beautiful chirography, especially of a feminine stamp. And here, too, were graceful sentences, choice words, and pretty conceits. Such skillful parries, dexterous lunges, yet still keeping herself well in guard. I must acknowledge myself hit. Cupid, you scamp! you showed but the feather of your dart and kept concealed its barbed point.

I never saw any weakness of mind in that face after this letter. Perfect symmetry gives this idea. The strength of the leopard is forgotten when noticing his graceful outline and easy carriage.

As may be imagined, I speedily answered the above epistle; but the sentiments which animated me when writing it were far different from those which I had felt when, as a relief from *ennui*, I had concocted the former. Several passages might now be omitted could they be spared without marring.

'September 6.

'DEAR AUGUSTA: Certainly I am not already in error. No! That was definitely settled in your — no, my last. Therefore I may go on without any hesitation. But why go on? What more is to be said? These two words seem to sum up the whole matter. Yet there is a vote of thanks due for a most dainty and delectable epistle that came with 'great speed' to my dwelling, or perhaps, which may be in better taste, an expression of the sentiments which its reception created. But why attempt that which is sure to prove a failure? Better far talk of —

'The very little one consults the happiness of one's friends or associates! This would be made manifest to you could you hear the ear-piercing voice which for several days has been exercised in a neighboring house upon poor *Casta Diva*. But this is a sin of commission. One of neglect could be adduced, if necessary, in the neglect to inform a friend of any 'happy event' that was about to occur,* and thus depriving one of the pleasure of witnessing it. Do you like wedding-cake?

'But for something a trifle serious. I have spent some of my leisure in reading Macaulay's History, about which such an ado is just now being made. It is truly quite interesting. It seems to be a tale 'founded on fact;' any thing rather than a stupid history such as we have been made to believe by all works anterior to this that such compilations must be. It only proves one thing, one that I have vainly endeavored to make my friends believe, but one which the world is beginning now to credit, namely, that dullness and stupidity are not

* The private marriage of her sister BERTHA.

requisites for or indicative of wisdom. Perhaps you may have seen a newspaper paragraph which states, the gravest bird was an owl, and the most sedate animal an ass. If you have n't, you may; if you do n't, it's no matter; if you did — then what?

'A pretty character Macaulay gives to the great men of olden time. According to him, there is not one, scarcely, that is not execrable; even poor Penn is made out to be a worldling and a man devoid of principles. This is posthumous reputation — that which so many seek for, and ardently aspire to. The Lord deliver us from it! I should be glad to compromise, to have a little expectation while living, and to be forgotten before the grass grows green over my head.

'How illy an historian is able to judge the characters of the great personages in life's drama! Certain wrong acts — as events have shown them to have been — have been committed by a person, and the writer at once makes the reputation of the doer for eternity. Henceforth his character is infamous. The writer can see only the event and its consequences, but the intention, which is the only proof of the moral character, is hidden.

'Now, the point of all this tirade about history, and great men, and writers, is this — if you don't see the relation, I exceedingly regret it — that the intention is to be looked at in all things, and actions should be judged by them only. You should first find out my intentions — to make the matter personal — I trust I do n't make it imp-personal — and then you can judge. Now, my intentions were, when I sat down to write this note, to make it interesting; whether it is so or not, should be judged by those intentions. You understand the 'p'int,' if you do n't appreciate the logic? (Turn over.)

'Turn-overs,' when stuffed with apple, used to be considered quite good to my boyish taste, but I am afraid that a more critical taste will find them otherwise.

'I have arrived at the last page, and am well cramped up for room, as you see, and have not succeeded in seizing upon — was it the reality or the idea? — the 'spirits of friendship' which you forwarded in yours. I am really afraid that, from its exceedingly volatile character, it may entirely escape me! This is the more probable as it is composed of such subtle qualities, that one might possess it, and be ignorant not only of its value, but even of his good fortune itself. I am inclined to think that it is but another name for ozone, though I never heard of any one's dying in consequence; not even Damon or Pythias, who are said to have taken it the same way. I am tempted to believe that it is only a ghost in which school-girls are apt to trust, but which, when older, is perceived to be a mere delusion. It is a mere shadow; well, if it is a shadow, it is reasonable to suppose that there is a substance which causes it. True, there is that difficulty against the supposition. No; I have it. The country is safe! Friendship is the shadow of Love. The spirit of Friendship must be Love itself; the only spirit connected therewith; an ardent spirit that stupefies the head and warms the heart. Shadows are cold, and no wonder your fingers are chilled. But you are not the first, that neglecting the substance, has sought the shadow. Now, I trust that you will learn by

experience, and will now mind what you take hold of; so don't burn your fingers.

'You know how fond people are of giving advice! I am so delighted at having the opportunity, that with it I must leave off. I might give you as another reason, that the lady who informed me that it was time to go, might also say it was time to stop.

'Truly your friend.'

This was considered, as I afterward learnt, to be pushing the matter a little too far, and no response followed. Several weeks elapsed without reply or any allusion made to the existence of any correspondence between us, although we frequently met. At the end of that period, an invitation from Augusta to join some friends upon a party of pleasure, gave an opportunity to her for an allusion to the still unanswered note.

From this period we were upon terms of intimacy; scarcely an evening but found us together, and time showed new charms and new excellencies. I never lost the impression that these early letters made. The ability that was so evident in them, I considered far more valuable than the acknowledged charms which had rendered their fair possessor a belle of the ward in which she dwelt.

Semi-weekly visits were interspersed with day engagements, and rapidly growing more and more protracted.

One evening a young man — certainly not very old — might have been seen about one o'clock, standing on the corner of a street in this city, engaged in writing by the dim flicker of a street-lamp. If one looked over his shoulder, he might read, if the writing was legible, the following lines:

'THE word is spoken. Now for ever,
Ever to my heart she's bound;
And naught can come on earth to sever,
The chain so strongly thrown around.

'And rolling years shall come to test
The bonds thus forged on high;
But Time shall only find them blest,
And harmless pass them by.

'FROM FRIENDSHIP'S sterling ore,
That precious chain was riven;
True MERIT formed the links;
Love rivets them in heaven.'

I can testify that this young man arrived home safe that night, doubt it who may.

A few months elapsed, and if our love did not grow warmer, the weather did. I have a dim remembrance of a few friends collected in a parlor, a few tears, and cake, and wine, and a minister; a short silence; the corns impressed by the light patent-leather, seemed to throb audibly; then we were put into a carriage and hustled out of the city. The thermometer during the week following, was not for a moment lower than ninety-five, and soared even to one hundred and two. I do not know that there is any thing interesting in this, but I mention it.

Years have passed away ; I have written no more poetry ; even this has been so long written, that till this last postscript, the pale ink will scarcely permit it to be read : my epistolary communications are principally confined to transmitting my yearly bills. In fact, I think you would scarcely know your young doctor of so many years ago ; but if you will come and see me, I will show you my babies ; one has just put his finger in my inkstand.

The aphorism with which this narrative is commenced, I have found to be true. The reason is, that a wife and family is a balance-wheel, restraining the impetuosity of youth, preventing excesses, and enabling the force of manhood to be directed to some useful result. To a physician, matrimony is particularly essential to success. It keeps him where a doctor should always be found — at home. A. K. G.

T O T H E M E M O R Y O F A S A I L O R .

At last thou 'st found a haven. Many a year
Has passed since first thy venturing foot-steps trod
The stately vessel's deck, and thy blue eye
Looked with a sailor's love on rope and spar,
And in the gush of boyhood's mantling pride
Thou call'dst the safely-bulwarked craft thy home,
And smiled with joy to see the crested wave
Come bounding wildly o'er yon dreary waste,
And melt in foam at thy good vessel's side.

And thus, too, hast thou dared Life's troubled sea,
And breakers dashed around thee. Once 't was smooth,
And summer suns and summer gales, as soft
As the bright seraphs' whispers, warmed and fanned
Thy early venture on Life's changing wave ;
And the good angel of a sister's love
Did pilot's duty, and a mother's prayers,
Like the frail helm, unseen, but not unfelt,
At danger's menace turned the trembling craft,
And fixed its course again 'a-port' toward heaven.
There hast thou moored at last. Its cloudless skies
And gales of balm celestial thine. How strange,
Athwart Life's varying tide to turn him back,
And learn the guiding of the unseen HAND,
That leads Life's voyager safe into port —
To own th' unerring pilot.

Fare thee well !

And she who struggled 'gainst the tide with thee ;
And dear ones, whose young lips have barely kissed
Life's changeful ripples ; they who shared with thee
A sailor's trials ; we who mourn a friend
Called to that vast unknown that all must tread ;
When the last sands shall sink beneath our feet,
Oh ! may our trembling hope be anchored then
Upon the ROCK of AGES ! Fare thee well !

Buffalo, (N. Y.) January 22, 1854.

S.

* LAKE ERIE.

L I N E S

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO A FRIEND.

'T WAS in the evening of the year,
When the wood-ivy glimmered red,
And listening hearts might almost hear
What Silence said.

'T WAS in the evening of the day,
When the warm earth and sky were blent,
And gentle breezes died away
Along the firmament:

Beside a river's bank I mused,
My heart was like the dreary shore;
Was like the stream that shore refused,
That loved no more.

'T IS true that here and there a beam
From some cold star came glittering forth,
And gemmed the strand and gemmed the stream,
But cold and little worth.

Ah! had some breeze but waved its wand,
But touched the river's torpid tide,
Perchance that lone, indifferent strand
Had kissed its bride.

The silent shore, the silent river,
Like unmoved hearts, lay calmly there;
While in the sky there lived as ever
The beating pulse, the quickening air;
The quickening air, that could inspire
The mute and moveless tide again,
And stir those cold sands with a fire
Like lava rain.

Cold as that shore, cold as that wave,
I wandered in the breezeless night,
When Memory's ghost, as from a grave,
Came clothed in light.

I thought of thee, long absent, lost,
Lost in the dim and silent years;
And only seen but through the frost,
The mist-frost of my tears.

The air that stirs, the air that breathes,
O'er earth, from heaven's eternal shrine,
Had stirred amid love's withering wreath,
And love was mine.

No more by that still stream I mused;
No more with pulseless heart I strove
To win the love that life refused,
For God had given love.

H. J. BRENT.

A SECOND CHAPTER ON LAUGHTER.

BY CHARLES A. MUNGER.

CICERO, in his splendid dialogues concerning oratory, makes this remark: 'Laughter, what it may be, how caused, where it is, whence it springs and so suddenly breaks out that, though desirous, we are unable to restrain it, and in what manner it at the same time doth possess the sides, mouth, veins, countenance, eyes, let Democritus determine; for it doth not pertain to this discourse; and even if it did, I am not ashamed to confess my ignorance, *since even those do not know who profess to.*' If the words of the orator and philosopher are to be heeded, then is all investigation upon this subject useless, since the ancients before him had given it much consideration, and had arrived to no conclusion which to his mind was definite. Yet even in these few lines he seems to throw some light upon the subject; for he recognizes its power; he acknowledges our inability to restrain it; and notes its involuntary spring. In fact, he has given us the best *description* of laughter we have, while affecting to dispose of it by pleading its foreignness to the matter then in hand. Laughter is a mystery which time and its temporals have not been able to solve. The philosopher of Malmesbury, in reality, has made a most shabby confession of his confusion in regard to the subject, which compares very unfavorably with the manly avowal of ignorance by Tully. However, his reasoning is curious, and withal a little amusing. He says:

'There is a passion that hath no name; but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy; but what joy, what we think, and wherein we *triumph* when we laugh, is not *hitherto disclosed by any*. That it consisteth in wit, or as they call it in the jest, experience confuteth; for men laugh at mischances and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit or jest at all. And forasmuch as the same is no more ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be *new and unexpected*. Men laugh often (especially such as are greedy of applause from every thing they do well) at their own actions, performed never so little beyond their own expectations, as also at their own jest; and in this case it is manifest that the passion of laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of *ability in himself that laugheth*. Also, men laugh at the infirmities of others, by comparison wherewith their own abilities are set off and illustrated. Also, men laugh at jests, the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another; and in this case the passion of laughter proceeded from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency; for what is else the recommending of ourselves to our own good opinion, by comparison with another man's infirmity or absurdity? For when a jest is broken upon ourselves, or friends, of whose dishonor

we participate, we never laugh thereat. I may therefore conclude that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory, arising from some *sudden conception of some eminence in ourselves*, by comparison with the infirmities of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonor. It is no wonder, therefore, that men take heinously to be laughed at or derided; that is, *triumphed over*. Laughing without offence must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons, and when all the company may laugh together; for laughing to one's self putteth all the rest into jealousy and examination of themselves. Beside, it is glory, and an argument of little worth, to think the infirmity of another sufficient matter for his triumph.'

We have not introduced this for the purpose of attacking the reasoning of so great a champion of the intellect as Hobbes; for we have nothing to do with the matter of definition, having disposed of that in our former paper. But we have given a place to it, for the purpose of showing what queer ideas of laughter were entertained by that mighty supporter of the selfish system of philosophy. What a poverty of argument and invention Sir Thomas has displayed, becomes very apparent when we consider that if his definition be correct, those denominated in our former article as those who *do* laugh, would be very proud and haughty; and those who laugh without cause would be the most overbearing and supercilious people in the world; whereas the former are universally acknowledged to be as free from those failings as it is possible for mortals to be; and the latter are directly the contrary, beyond all controversy. This conception of eminence may sometimes be efficacious; but out upon that laughter which pride engenders! Like Falstaff's 'honor,' we'll none of it!

It is related that Parmeniscus, a rich man of Metapontum, who had visited the cave of Trophonius, was deprived of the faculty of laughter. On consulting the oracle as to the means of recovering that inestimable treasure, he was told to return home to his mother, and was assured that on doing so a cure would be effected. Following implicitly this injunction, he reached both home and mother, but his disability continued. Afterward, being in Delos, admiring the wonders it afforded, he entered the temple of Latonas, where he expected to see a splendid statue in honor of the mother of Apollo, in her own peculiar shrine. But instead of the rare sculpture he was prepared to admire, he beheld nothing but a rude and shapeless wooden figure, at which sight he involuntarily burst out into a laugh, and continued to enjoy his lost faculty ever after. Through this legend, whether historical or symbolic, is shadowed forth Aristotle's definition, which is, surprise at perceiving any thing out of its usual place, when the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger.

Coleridge, when he declared this definition to be 'as good as can be,' seems to have been remarking upon the elucidation and reasoning of some person who had attempted to resolve laughter into an expression of contempt. That the wise take things upon trust, is as true as that

the simple do, else the 'old man eloquent'* had not so unreservedly indorsed the stagyrite. That laughter may be caused by a surprise, cannot be denied; but that the effect of every surprise, unaccompanied by danger, is laughter, is absurd. Thus the death of a friend could never surprise us into merriment, although such an event, however unlooked-for, should not make us at all apprehensive of serious danger.

But our author of the 'Ancient Mariner,' and 'Christabel,' in his 'Talk' upon this subject, redeems himself nobly when he attempts to account for its physical cause. 'Laughter,' he says, 'is a convulsion of the nerves; and it seems as if *nature cut short the rapid thrill of pleasure on the nerves by a sudden convulsion of them, to prevent the sensation becoming painful.*'

Hear also what Sir Thomas Brown hath to offer upon this same thing, wherein Coleridge is so happy. 'For,' quoth our silver-tongued old Englishman, 'the act of laughter, which is a *sweet contraction of the muscles of the face*, and a *pleasant agitation* of the vocal organs, is not merely voluntary or within the jurisdiction of ourselves, but new or unexpected jocundities, which present themselves to any man in his life, at some time or other, will have activity enough to excitate the earthiest soul, and raise a smile from the most composed tempers.'

But we must bring these wanderings to a close. We have admitted them merely for the purpose of showing how great a mystery our subject is and hath been. How true, after all, was the remark of the Roman orator, that they know nothing about it who profess to! Philosophy, which has 'carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which all created matter is held together and exists,' is yet at fault upon this subject.

Yet laughter, though like our chiefest blessings, as life, speech, reason, etc., may be inexplicable, is as conducive to the happiness of our race as any thing we can conceive of. Yea, laughter hath its uses, confers upon us benefits; and these uses, these benefits we will endeavor briefly to set out.

In the cultivation of the good-will and affections of people, there is not a more powerful assistant than this same ever-gracious and ready laughter. It matters not how frank, open-hearted, and generous — how gifted, how talented a person may be — however assiduous he may be to win his way into the esteem and regard of others; unless he can laugh, and laugh heartily, unless he possesses the power of agitating others as he does himself, his progress will be slow and toilsome: it may prove impossible. Nothing certainly is more forbidding than a frigid aspect. A solemn countenance is universally looked upon as the index of a morose disposition, and with great correctness. The world has judged; and this world is a pretty correct reasoner, which, though logicians 'most powerfully and potently believe, yet hold it not honesty to have it thus set down.' But with the laugh upon the lips, and the faculty of exciting it in others, the way of life is full of friends, ready and willing to grasp the proffered hand, and lead its possessor through the pleasant fields and along the slow streams of existence; or, if it be his

Washington never laughed

* THE 'old man eloquent' was originally applied to COLERIDGE; but by whom I have forgotten.

desire, to urge and press him onward and upward to distinction. Nay, there is something so seductive in laughter, that we feel drawn, as it were, by a magnetic influence toward him who has the power of creating it in us, though he be destitute of other abilities, and devoid of those finer qualities and generous impulses which would, were they his, 'grapple us to his soul with hooks of steel.' But let the person be ever so witty, 'charm he never so wisely,' unless he himself laugh — unless his laughter be genuine and hearty — he shall exert himself in vain. Who ever laughed at the jocular attempts of a glum and strait-faced individual? Truly did Charles Lamb say that 'the severest exaction surely ever invented upon the self-denial of poor human nature was that of the popular fallacy *that a man should not laugh at his own jest.*' It must be apparent to every laugh-lover that the parent of this fallacy must have been some sour and crabbed old wise-acre, who never had said, and who never expected to say a witty thing in his life; and who therefore envied the person that could himself relish what had afforded joy and merriment to others. If he who must be the first to perceive the point of the jest, the ridiculousness of the remark, cannot laugh, should we expect others to do so? Will they not defer to his superior advantages, to say nothing of his judgment of his own performance? If a father loveth not his children, who shall care for them? Must he not spread the contagion of his own mirth? By preserving an unruffled front, we may look upon and admire the wit as we would a cold, keen, and polished sword; but if such an one would have us esteem him as a *man*, let him wreath his lips with smiles, and set us an example, as he gives us an occasion for laughter.

The orator fully appreciates the benefits of laughter. Well he knows that by effecting it, he can conciliate his audience, however unfavorably it may be disposed toward him. He is well aware that after having put a person in good humor, (and this can only be done by raising laughter,) he is sure of the good-will and attention of such an one, and that he may talk to him as long as may be desired, by keeping up within his auditor that internal satisfaction, the provocation of laughter. The orator also makes use of ridicule for the purpose of exposing his adversary to laughter, sensible that if once the laugh be turned upon him, neither logic shall avail the vanquished opponent, nor eloquence, with all its blandishments, effectuate his end; for contempt is begotten in the mind of the most charitable for one that has become a target for the galling shafts of ridicule. As of the rhetorician, so of his rhetoric; as of the logician, so of his logic; as of the advocate, so of his cause; their fates are indivisible.

Should laughter be considered as a great instrument of civilization, some might be inclined to cry out, 'Nonsense!' But, my good Sir, it is so in very truth; and as such, it shall be discoursed upon. The savage is proverbially grave, and why? Manifestly because he is savage. He is also uncommunicative. Let education be brought to bear upon a horde of savages, and suppose each one still remains grave and uncommunicative, pray tell me how would the progress of the mind be observed? — what approach would there be to civilization? But perhaps this may be better illustrated by taking an enlightened

community, and supposing its members to be deprived of this faculty. Gravity necessarily makes men silent and reserved. Uncommunicativeness fosters selfishness, which feeds and ministers strength to the baser passions, which, being allowed to exert themselves without control, brutalize man, and reduce him to absolute barbarism. Thus by what a regular gradation that society would descend into the gloom and horrors of savagery! Compare the nations of the East with those of the West, and mark the vast difference existing between them. The former are retrogressive — the latter progressive. The prevailing characteristic of the Orientalist is *gravity*. According to Montesquieu, there are families in Turkey wherein, from father to son, not one has laughed since the foundation of the monarchy. In that country, and also in Persia, friendship is almost unknown. Each seraglio is, so to speak, a nation by itself. Each family is isolated from others. Laughter is a stranger. A feeble half-civilization, like the hectic flush on the cheek of the consumptive, announces the presence and inroads of decay.

Laughter, considered in a moral point of view, is also a great blessing. If religion be permitted to operate upon the mind in such a manner that mirth is held in pious horror, then doth it become dark and gloomy. Solemn and austere, it hath no charms to attract the listless and unregenerate. In such garb it becomes the especial dislike of children; and they who, above all, should be won by its beauties — should learn to love it for the pleasures it affords — are, by its being thus presented to them, in their early years prejudiced against it, and ultimately confirmed in hostility to it. In such a state it goes drawling and grovelling down into superstition, and from thence into atheism. That this is not mere fancy, but that it is plain, unglossed truth, is most emphatically attested in lands not far remote. In that portion of our own country where religion assumed its sternest frown and most sombre garments — where it was the rule by day and guide by night — founded by professors who for its untrammelled exercise had fled from oppression, and enforced by civil authority, even under its enlightening influences — in that land most fearfully did ‘witchcraft celebrate pale Hecate’s offerings’ — did intolerance find its most zealous advocates; and there in later years has infidelity set up its altars, established its priesthood, and obtained its proselytes. It is not our province here to say how far laughter should be mingled with religion; whether gladness should enter into the awful realities of life and death; but this is true, if we are at any time favorably impressed with our subject, it is when we read of the Christian dying with the smile upon his lips; it is when we behold upon the senseless features of the corpse the smile frozen for ever there; the last manifestation which the soul had made through the clay being one of ineffable joy and gladness. Then it is we think she of the sacred book said truly, ‘God made me to laugh!’

Socially, laughter is a great conservative. It is this which binds humanity together. It is the golden shower of the Danaë-earth, in which all her joys are begotten. What worth the while would society afford if it were not for this faculty of expressing our satisfaction at

beholding familiar faces, and giving vent to the mirth which an interchange of happy thoughts and fancies provokes! Think of a friendly gathering without laughter — a May without flowers — a summer without a sun! Think of the kindly greeting without the smile — society without laughter! Imagination cannot conjecture such a monstrosity! We might conjure up in fancy, perhaps, a world of strangers; but it would be a world devoid of all that is lovable in life — a vast charnel-house, peopled with skeletons. But the supremest benefit of laughter is displayed in the closer and dearer relations of life. This it is which unites household bands; this it is which gives the hearth its charm, and makes the fire gleam warm and bright. Yea, the old home we were born in is filled with laughter from cellar to garret. In every room old echoes for ever linger of old laughers which we loved. To be sure, there is no home but there are sorrows which may sanctify it; but it is not for the tears we have shed within the threshold that we adore it. God knows we have sufferings and griefs enough in the broad and garish light of the world, that home should not be endeared to us by afflictions and woes. No, it is for its joys and pleasures, not its sighs and sadness; its sun-shine, not its gloom; its laughter, not its sorrow, that we love it. Out upon your grave parents in the family circle! They freeze rapture in the fountain. Their children are not children. They are old as soon as out of the cradle; and when they finally become men and women, like their parents, they are *not* men and women; they are mere entities.

Having now, as we think, in this and the former paper shown the uses and benefits of laughter, it remains for us to fulfill the promise of further considering the subject, and to lay down certain precepts for the guidance and governance of such as would make themselves familiar with this ancient divinity.

There is a certain propriety to be observed in the expression of our mirth and gladness. By this propriety is signified that it is, under certain circumstances, proper to laugh *unrestrainedly*, that we may *display* our merriment to the world; a distinction being made between the laugh manifest and the laugh concealed and internal. It is proper to laugh whenever we may do so without uselessly giving pain to our fellows, and without injuring a good cause. It is proper because it is our duty to do so. Laughter was not given us to be wrapt in a napkin and hid in the earth; but like the faithful servant, we are to put it out at usury, so that when we render an account of it to our great BENEFAC-TOR, we may repay it, and hear the welcome which that faithful servant received. It is proper to laugh when the mean are thwarted, the wicked disconcerted, the vile checked, the malicious prevented; and though this may seem contradictory to the proposition with which this portion of this essay started, as it may give pain to the disappointed, yet our smile will not be unavailing, as it will aid to cover them with confusion; and thus the enemies of every good work may be deterred and discouraged. It is proper to laugh when great and good principles triumph, though those defeated may have been urged by as honest thinkers and earnest labors as those which are in the ascendant; for by so doing, though we may grieve those overthrown, and that too in

the darkest hour of their affliction, when their cause can receive no further condemnation, yet by heaping shame and ignominy on the combatants for the wrong, it will be a lesson to others to look well before engaging in an enterprise which will call down upon their heads contempt and ridicule — the especial horror of humanity. We should always laugh whenever we can, and wherever we are, unless the time and the place imperatively forbid ; for this laughter is a sun-shine which every person may carry in his face, with which he may illumine not only his own pathway, but that of his fellow, whose countenance is not irradiated from within, and to whom custom or misfortune has made darkness better than the light. Whenever wit commands us, wherever joy provokes us, whenever ridicule demands, wherever pleasure invites us, and whenever and wherever we may spread the sway and dominion of laughter, without irreverence, without injury to the good, and without giving needless umbrage to our fellows, then and there we should laugh, and laugh heartily, as if it were not the 'labor we delight in,' but the faculty which rules over us.

The preceding paper and this, thus far, having been devoted to showing what laughter is, what its uses and benefits are, it remains for us to consider how it may be cultivated. No one, we are certain, after having witnessed its beneficial effects upon humanity, and (to be a little *facetious*) after having read these pages, will ask, 'Why should we seek to improve in this ?' unless he be of that class whose divinity hath a throne in the hearts of every one of its members, which hearts are not in the mortal frames of the possessors, but are 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' in iron safes and gloomy vaults. The good we cannot have in too great perfection or abundance. We may make blessings like dew upon the sand, or like refreshing rains upon the fruitful field. Laughter, like music, is susceptible of cultivation. We know but very little of it in our days. As an art, it is yet in its infancy. The ancients were almost unacquainted with the provocatives of laughter. It was not until the fifteenth century that Rabelais, the forerunner of the great genius of laughter, was heard stirring up mirth in the departing gloom of the dark ages. After the way had been prepared, then, like 'a sun-shine in a shady place,' came the illustrious Cervantes. After these high-priests succeeded the great tribe of Levi, the ministers to laughter — Molière, Sterne, Swift, Smollett, Goldsmith, Pope, Byron, Lamb, Irving, and last, and most lovable of them all, poor Tom Hood, who

'Walked through the world with bleeding feet and smiled.'

Then if laughter was not taken from its cradle until five thousand years had bloomed and faded over its head, can we expect that in four centuries it has reached maturity ? No ! no ! It is for us to aid in the support and establishing of this glory of these later days. True, we may not live to see it assume the *toga virilis* ; but we may be blessed beyond measure by seeing it increase and grow in strength under our fostering care. Then what means shall we make use of in the cultivation of laughter ?

First, we should recommend the habitual reading in private of the works of the wits, as being very beneficial in giving tone and vigor to

the faculty of laughter; and also as being infallible in quickening our apprehension of the gladsome and mirthful. Dullness of apprehension is the greatest obstacle our subject has met with; and the better way to overcome it is to commence in the closet with some volume of broad humor, and after having mastered all its jests, and exercised in laughing over them, gradually to ascend, step by step, to the higher repositories of the ice-brook tempered wit. Practical jokes are very beneficial upon those over and above slow to perceive; but care should be taken in the administering of these aperients, lest a too frequent repetition sour the disposition, and unfit the mind for any culture.

The moderate use of wine might not be unadvisable, if old authorities are not to be entirely disregarded in these hydro-progressive times, as appears in the following extracts: 'If moderately taken, (as Plutarch saith, *symph.* 9, *quæst.* 12,) it makes those which are otherwise dull to exhale and evaporate like frankincense, or quicken (Xenophon adds) as oil doth fire.' A little farther on continues our author: 'It glads the heart of man,' (Psalm 104 : 15,) *hilaritatis dulce seminarium*. Helena's bowl, the sole nectar of the gods, or that true nepenthes in Homer which puts away care and grief, was naught else but a cup of good wine.' Again he says: 'Wine measurably drunk, and in time, brings gladness and cheerfulness of mind: it cheereth God and man,' (Judges 9 : 13.) *Latitæ Bacchus dator*, it makes an old wife dance, and such as are in misery to forget evil and *be merry*.' The same writer, still, prescribing, doubtfully recommends: 'The Turks have a drink called *coffee*, (for they use no wine,) so named of a berry as black as soot, and as bitter, (like that *black drink* which was in use among the Lacedæmonians and perhaps the same,) which they sip *still* of, and sup as warm of as they can suffer;' which, he affirmeth, maketh them merry, etc. But see farther, if it be your desire, *Burt. Anat. Mel., Part 2, sec. 5, Mem. 1, Subs. 5*.

Solitude induces gravity. (In support of the first recommendation, we should here say, that he who hath a good book by him is never alone.) Therefore, those striving to cultivate laughter should seek the company of others merrily disposed. It is only in such gatherings that the Troglodytes of Montesquieu are to be found; among whom the interchange of good feeling and happiness was habitual, and in whose domains, '*celui qui donnait croyait toujours avoir l'avantage*.' The society of the mirthful is the great school of laughter, where all, from the school-boy to the sage, are both scholars and preceptors. There, as occasion offers, may all the divisions of our subject be practised upon until perfection is attained. There you may be pleased with the *smile*, gratified with the *grin*, convulsed with the *laugh proper*, and self-astounded with the *sardonic*. There you may behold how the most graceful and approved laughers express their mirth and gladness, note their faults, discover new modes, attempt new methods, and while in the very heaven of enjoyment an improvement approaching perfection may be attained before you are aware of it.

Theatres, when the sock presses the boards, afford excellent opportunities for the cultivation of laughter. As the voice of the singer is, by practising, often wrought up to strength and sweetness which it did

not possess before, so is the laughter of an individual fortified and made dulcet by frequent excitation. Spectacles, amphitheatres, and all shows of a mirthful nature are very beneficial, as merriment hath a contagion which will impregnate the hearts of the most dolorous.

The streets present many occasions for the culture of laughter. There you will meet with all that is odd and burlesque; and there, in the jargon of queer phrases, strange exclamations, and pointed sentences, unless you are of uncommon frigidity, often indeed will your risibilities be brought into action. He is indeed a pattern of stolidity who goes out into the streets and returns to his room without having laughed.

Awkwardness, uncouthness, and cant will never fail to thrill the nerves, and cause us to *cachinnate*. Juvenal says:

‘DEMOCRITUS, at every step he took,
His sides with unextinguished laughter shook.

He laughed aloud to see the *vulgar fears*,
Laughed at *their joys*, and some time at their tears.’

Old Burton, when his melancholy had increased to such a degree that naught else could move him, used to find relief from his afflictions by going to the ‘bridge-foot,’ and listening to the ribaldry of the barge-men, which never failed to throw him into a fit of laughter.

The society of women to men, and of men to women, I would also recommend as being highly beneficial in the culture of this faculty, by reason of the strong tendency which it hath toward causing that ‘*sweet contraction of the muscles of the face*,’ and that ‘*pleasant agitation of the vocal organs*,’ spoken of by Sir Thomas Browne. Still, a certain caution is to be used in the observation of this rule; for a too constant association with one person is apt to bring about a seriousness, which it is unadvisable for one to cultivate who is not an adept in this most excellent art.

Having thus, dear reader, completed our voyage over the sea of laughter, though we have frequently departed from the direct course into useless digressions, or have been becalmed in unnecessary repetitions, and as we now seek a shelter from the shocks and buffetings of the wave, permit us to find a haven in your good wishes and approbation. May you never be able to say with Hamlet, ‘I have of late lost all my mirth, . . . and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging firmament, this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors;’ but may you

‘Know the ways of pleasure, the sweet strains,
The lullings, and the relishes of it;
— what mirth and music mean;’

and may you be ever ready and able to say truly,

‘I’LL not change life with any king;
I ravished am; can the world bring
More joy than still to laugh and smile?’

Cultivate, dear reader, cultivate laughter as a blessing. It is a blessing 'twice blessed.' Darkness and sorrow are merely transient, and ever 'is the earth's still moon-like confidence in joy at her full.' May this confidence be not unfounded. May we ever be seen in the ranks of the laughter-loving. Let us cultivate laughter by laughing. Well said Martial,

'Ride si capis.'

A S O N G : T O —.

BY L. J. BATES.

WHEN sun-set is glowing
O'er woodland and meadow,
And the rill, softly flowing,
Lies deep in the shadow;
When the flowers are all closing
Their soft-tinted blossoms,
And the dew-drops reposing,
Lie hid in their bosoms;
As slow o'er the river
Lights gleam and depart,
Still, still in my heart
Thine image will quiver.

When twilight is stealing
O'er main-land and ocean,
So dimly revealing
The waters in motion;
When the clouds have ceased flushing,
As if they were grieving
The sun-set, and blushing
Through tears at his leaving;
As sweet music pealing
Far over the sea,
I listen to thee
In fancy's revealing.

When still night demurely
Dons her starry tiara,
And the moon-light shines purely,
And the forest looks fairy;
When the waves sparkle brightly
On the clear lake in motion,
And their crests shiver lightly
Far out on the ocean;
As stars in their gleaming
Are glassed in the sea,
But images thee
My fancy, in dreaming.

New-York, Dec. 20, 1852.

L I N E S

TO THE PACIFIC, AFTER ROUNDING CAPE-HORN.

BY JOS. P. ANTHONY.

I.

FROM the vast Atlantic waters,
From the tempest's fierce assail,
From the Cape of stormy terrors,
Hail to thee, Pacific, hail!

II.

Cloudless are the skies above thee,
Thee alone the skies enfold,
With thy waves all snowy-crested,
Heaving 'neath the sunbeam's gold.

III.

Thou whose very name recallest
Shores that still romance may claim;
Deeds of CORTES and PIZARRO,
Boldest in the blaze of fame.

IV.

Shores whereon are mighty forests,
Never known to woodman's stroke,
Midst whose myriad trunks gigantic
Human voices never broke:

V.

Shores of heaven-soaring mountains,
Capped with never-melting snow;
Shores where olive, palm, and citron,
Pine and prized banana grow:

VI.

Shores where rolls the terrene thunder,
Fearful voice of earthquake dire;
Shores whereon the fierce volcano
Vomits forth its baleful fire;

VII.

Shores where, from the Southern ocean,
Stretching to the Polar sea,
Tower to heaven the mighty Andes,
Like a world's vast vertebrae.

VIII.

O'er thy blue and gleaming waters,
Swiftly borne by favoring gale,
Buoyant, joyous every spirit,
Hail to thee, Pacific! hail!

San Francisco, (Cal.,) Sept., 1854.

SEA-SIDE GOSSIP AT MATTAPOISETT.

'Though his bark shall not be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.'

SOME years ago, business called me from an inland town to take up my residence in Mattapoissett. This village, the name of which, in the Indian language, signifies 'a place of rest,' is pleasantly located on the northern extremity of Buzzard's Bay, within the old county of Plymouth, Massachusetts, six miles east of the city of New-Bedford. The chief occupation of the inhabitants, of whom there are some two thousand, is ship-building and whaling. At the time of my arrival, seven ships were on the stocks, and some fifteen whalers, bringing good returns to their owners.

The natural beauty of the harbor; the majestic ships; the launches; the excitement attending the return of brothers, husbands, and lovers from a long voyage; their embarkation on a new one; the joy of the villagers over a prosperous voyage; the faces made sad by an unfortunate one; and the terrible disasters and encounters of the ocean, produced in my mind sensations and emotions that a long residence in such a port obliterates or materially diminishes.

I had been in the village but a short time before I had listened with the eagerness of Desdemona to the wreck of the Orion, the Annawan, and many other tales of woe, which make the stoutest heart shudder, from the lips of those who could say with *Æneas*,

'ALL of which I saw,
And part of which I was.'

Among the villagers was one retired master-mariner, living in easy circumstances, of about sixty-five years, whose physical frame and heavy brow indicated more than ordinary strength and activity of body and mind. His correct principles, modest deportment, and excellent judgment fully entitled him to the respect that was universally accorded him. Such was his courage, that no form of danger could jump up in his path, but he seemed to have calculated upon it; and such was his coolness and self-reliance, that he could see his ship go down from under him, or be boarded by a pirate or friend with the same apparent equanimity. He had seen trying times in his day, and had the courage that

'Dared do all that does become a man;'

and a physical strength and energy that was equal to its accomplishment. With such an one conversation is always delightful, and to me it was peculiarly so when he spoke

'Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field:
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery.'

In no boastful spirit, but rather with reluctance, he spoke of deeds in which others would have gloried.

The story of the *Mary-Ann* he never told but at his own fire-side, and I called one evening by appointment to hear it. The night was dark, and the wind blowing a perfect gale from the south-east. The wharves were being rent from their foundations and ships driven from their moorings. Since the gale of Eighteen Hundred and Fifteen, so wild a night had not been.

The storm was howling through the rigging, and lights waving to and fro on the shore, as I wended my way through the sleet to the house of Joshua Cushing.

‘What a tremendous storm, Captain!’ said I.

‘Heavy weather! heavy weather!’ responded the Captain; ‘but the gale has reached its height, and is abating; yet it has lasted long enough to drive ashore many a gallant bark, and sent many a poor sailor on the voyage from which there is no return.’

After recounting many thrilling incidents of his life, which the appointment and the storm alike suggested, he came reluctantly to the affair of the *Mary-Ann*. The good lady, who had been sitting in the corner of the open fire-place with her work, apparently knowing what was coming, gathered up her work and quietly quitted the room, and the Captain commenced:

‘On the fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and seven, the schooner *Mary-Ann*, Ichabod Sheffield, of Sag-Harbor, being master, sailed from New-York, ballasted with dye-wood, for the Strait of Bellisle. She was of about one hundred and twenty tons burden, and was owned by Mr. Robinson, of New-York City. I was then twenty-one years of age, and sailed as mate. We had three fore-mast hands, a cook, (colored,) and a cabin-boy. On the twenty-fifth of July, we arrived at Cape Charles, where we waited several days for a cargo of fish. This time, as it afterward proved, was well spent in painting sixteen port-holes and dressing the *Mary-Ann* with such apparel as gave her the appearance of a craft not to be trifled with.

‘Having taken in a cargo of fish, we shipped two more fore-mast hands, and on the twentieth of September set sail for a market in the Mediterranean. Nothing occurred worthy of note till, on the twenty-ninth of October, about forty miles west of the Island of Majorca, we discovered a ship-of-war standing on the wind to the westward, about eight miles distant, two points forward of our lee beam, while we were steering east, under a south wind. In about half-an-hour, the ship hoisted English colors, and tacked to the eastward. The captain said she would be coming up with us in the course of the night; so we set our colors and bore up to fall in with her. She came up on our weather-quarter, hauled down her English colors, and made our hair stand erect by hoisting the *Algerine* flag and throwing a shot across our bows. The *Mary-Ann* seemed to shudder, and every plank to utter a groan. From the beginning of the world till now, more barbarous, savage, and desperate pirates never disturbed sea or ocean. They claimed as a *right* all property and persons found in the Mediterranean; and if it was questioned, all the ferocity of the tiger and ‘devils damned’ seemed to

take possession of them, till they demonstrated, in the most awful form their savage imagination could invent, their determination and ability to maintain the right that all nations had heretofore conceded to them. Piracy was a *government enterprise*, and the treasury of the Dey was replenished from year to year by the sale of captives into slavery, and the merchandise wrenched from the hands of the enterprising mariner. The character of these desperadoes was in keeping with their occupation. To have found our vessel on fire, or going down from under us, would have been delightful when compared with our present situation. Nevertheless, a frigate was an aristocratic kind of a pirate, from whom some mercy might be obtained. Beside, the United States Government were paying large tribute to the Dey of Algiers, to be exempt from these piratical depredations.

The commander of the frigate hailed us, and by signs ordered us to lower a boat and come on board. This invitation we respectfully declined, giving as a reason that our boat would not swim. They then boarded us, took Captain Sheffield and the ship's papers, and returned to the frigate.

I was now master of the schooner. Various expedients for escape flitted through my mind; but being under the broad-side of a war-ship of forty-four guns, which could sink us at a single discharge, it was hopeless, even could we have out-sailed her, which we could not. Instead of fear, anger took possession of me. We might, perhaps, make terms with our captors for our lives; but was life, upon the whole, desirable? The fore-mast hands were pacing the deck with pale lips and trembling limbs. Unutterable agony was painted on their faces as they thought of their homes. I took the glass and watched the frigate. The men stood around in silence. An hour of painful anxiety ensued, at the end of which I discovered preparations for the boat's return. Men armed with guns, pistols, swords, and daggers were being put on board. At last my heart leapt for joy to see the captain among the company. On their arrival, they brutally bound our fore-mast hands and threw them into the boats. The captain, mate, cook, and cabin-boy, of about fourteen years, alone remained, and we found ourselves in the possession of a prize crew of nine men and a cabin-boy, thoroughly armed with the aforesaid weapons. The dagger or knife which they carried in their belt was of singular construction, and intended to be thrown or to strike with, being held in the right hand, with the thumb over the end of the hilt. It was about two feet in length; and so skillful were the pirates in the use of it, that they would dart it to considerable distance with great precision and force. In a hand-to-hand action it was a most formidable weapon, and if we were to be butchered, a more fitting one could not be found.

We now stood alone before that band of pirates, who monopolized that business in the Mediterranean. Every feature was most brutish, and every expression of countenance fiend-like; their manners and habits disgusting beyond parallel. Their infernal spirits seemed to shine through them and reveal the total depravity of their natures. Their dirty beards nearly covered their swarthy faces, and swept their breasts. Four of the number were six feet two, and stoutly built; the

others but little less. Each wore a flat cloth-cap, of a drab-color, a stuffed shirt without a collar, with a flannel under-shirt, petticoat pantaloons, fastened below the knee, with the legs bare. The prize-master and two others had on their feet something resembling shoes; they also had a strip of cloth, also drab, about eight inches in width, which they wound about their person in different ways. Some of the number had cloaks with head-pieces of singular appearance. The prize-master, beside his sword and other defensive weapons, wore in his belt a magnificent pistol, about eighteen inches in length, richly encased in silver; and the manner in which his commands were given and executed, showed that these weapons would be used against his own crew with the same readiness as against a foe, if he was not instantly and implicitly obeyed.

'It was now about six o'clock in the afternoon, and we were informed by signs that we could have our liberty, provided we would work the vessel into Algiers. This we accepted, and obeyed all orders with loaded muskets pointed toward us. When the prize-master was being served at our table in the cabin, muskets loaded and cocked were invariably pointed at us from above, and similar precaution was used on all occasions, both day and night. An accidental discharge of a musket was by no means unexpected. I had, however, some opportunity to consult with the captain. From what he learned on board the frigate, we were doomed to perpetual slavery—*Algerine* slavery. This was their usual custom with their captives. Our suspicions were strengthened by a paper that we found in the prize-master's cloak-pocket, which he happened to leave hanging in the cabin, some words of which we could understand; and also from the prize-crew, who took hold of the iron-rings about the vessel and made signs that similar ones were destined for our hands and feet. One of the crew was also pointed out to the cook as his lash-master. It was therefore morally certain what was to be our fate.

'On the twenty-eighth of October, I had another opportunity to consult with the captain. It was not long before we soberly and deliberately determined never to go into *Algerine* slavery. Death was preferable. From that moment our purpose was not shaken. October twenty-ninth came in with the wind west-south-west, and we had another moment for consultation. Neither of us had the slightest misgiving; it was a desperate chance to undertake the re-capture of the vessel, for there were nine men against three, and it had been always considered by surrounding nations that one Algerine, for fighting purposes, on the deck of a vessel, was equal to three of any other nation. Beside, they were completely armed for a hand-to-hand encounter.

'We had two guns belonging to the schooner, that the pirates had been unable to find. The captain had another with a spring-bayonet and a pair of pistols. These were prepared for use, loaded and concealed again in the cabin.

'October thirtieth came in with light winds from the west-south-west. Caught some small fish with the grain-staff, which greatly pleased the prize-crew, and required some skill.

'October thirty-first, stowed away the pump-brakes and grain-staves,

where we could lay our hands on them, and out of the sight of the pirates. At twelve o'clock we made the land. We now laid our plan of action with the vessel on the wind. The cabin-boy was to remain below in the cabin with the fire-arms in his keeping, and to pass them up if called for. If obliged to retreat, we should then have arms with which to defend ourselves. At one o'clock we came in sight of the city of Algiers, and its artificial harbor. We now made known to the cook our resolution. He was a powerful man of six feet three inches, and entered most cordially into our plans. I ordered him below to take off his boots and such clothing as would encumber him in a hand-to-hand fight. He soon reappeared, with nothing on but his pantaloons and shirt, with the sleeves rolled up in the most approved fighting style. This caused suspicion, and the prize-crew cocked their guns and pointed them at us. I then ordered the cook to the fore-topsail yard, which allayed suspicion, and the guns were uncocked. At this moment, I observed the prize-master laying his fine pistol and sword on the coop. The captain was to take the grain-staff to catch some fish. This would draw the crew to the side of the vessel. They would probably lean over the rail, the better to see the captain use the harpoon. At a given signal, each of us was to pitch a man overboard.

'We were now about seven miles from Algiers, and could discern the sentry walking by the castle. A cloud was rising to meet the sun in his descent, and had just touched its lower limb. The captain had taken the grain-staff to the lee-quarter. The cook had come down from aloft, and had taken the helm; he was to take a turn in the tiller-rope at a signal. One man with a double-barrelled gun was reclining in the cable-tier. The crew were leaning over the rail. The captain waited till they were more scattered: unconquerable resolution sat upon his brow. The cook loved the occasion as he hated chains and slavery. Nothing was wanting to nerve us to the desperate undertaking. Chains and slavery were before us; and if we failed, the most horrible tortures. Not another hope or fear could have strengthened our purpose. With unutterable desire I waited for the signal. My rage had gradually increased till

'Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on.'

The signal was given for the cook. A part of the crew were poised on the rail as the longed-for signal saluted our ears. In an instant of time three men had plunged into the sea. The captain sprung like a lion on the man in the cable-tier, on the lee-quarter. The gun was wrenched from his grasp and thrown upon deck before he could bring it to bear. He was a strong man, but the captain was nerved to superhuman effort. He dragged the pirate to the side of the vessel, and had thrown him over the rail; but could not shake him from his death-grasp. The strength of the captain was giving way, and he about going overboard with the pirate, as the mate came to his assistance. With the aid of a grain-staff, the Turk dropped into the water, and the captain was drawn again upon deck. The captain, overcome with severe struggling, did not mingle further in the *melee*. The pump-brake of

the cook, on the lee-side, was doing terrible execution, while the mate was encountering three men at the brake of the quarter-deck. The mate with a grain-staff, and the foremost Turk with a dagger, stood face to face. The grain-staff, from its length, would be brought to bear before the dagger of the Turk, who thereupon threw it with such violence that it almost buried itself in the deck. It just grazed my side, without drawing blood. The grain-staff then did its work. Before it could be again raised, the most powerful of the pirates had grappled with me. The struggle was to be of short duration, for the hindmost of the Algerines had raised his horrid knife to plunge it into my side. I was beyond escape, in the clutches of my antagonist. I saw the dagger descending on its fearful errand! Ten thousand thoughts, that would have filled volumes in the utterance, with more than telegraphic speed ran through my mind. The glistening knife had traversed more than half its distance when the pump-brake of the cook came down again with the velocity of lightning and a crash like thunder, spattering blood and brains in all directions. One second more and the contest would have been equal. The last man was thrown overboard; and the 'bloody grapple,' that lasted from three to five minutes, was over. The sun was still visible above the rising cloud. The silver-cased pistol and sword of the prize-master lay untouched on the coop. Guns and pistols, too slow for use and too uncertain to be relied on, were strewn about the deck, or thrown overboard with their owners. Four horribly-mangled corpses, in their piratical habiliments, lay motionless and bleeding on the deck, and a gloomy silence brooded over all!

'We were now ourselves again, and the Mary-Ann was at our command. You will readily believe that the vessel was not long in going about. All sails were set, and our course up the Straits. The decks were cleared, and with devout hearts we thanked God for the deliverance.

'The Algerine cabin-boy, a lad of about fourteen, had climbed the taffrail, and was ready to jump overboard. He made signs to us that he would black our boots, or do other menial service, if we would spare his life. His death was not at present necessary, and he soon came down to us, and we treated him kindly.

'At eight o'clock in the evening,

''As if the heavens were troubled with man's act,'

a heavy thunder-squall struck us, and came near capsizing the vessel; tore several of our sails completely to rags; and more or less injured all. At such a time such a misfortune was a calamity. The gale was more terrible than this of to-night. Through the darkness of the night the flashes of lightning and the heavy peals of thunder followed each other in quick succession. We were in imminent peril of being wrecked. Sailors are seldom infidels, and I called to mind, the better to appreciate than ever before, King David's description of a thunder-storm on the Mediterranean, in the twenty-ninth Psalm. The sublimity of the scene was mingled with the excitement of the day's business, with awe and gratitude, as I called to mind

“THE voice of the LORD is upon the waters ;
 The God of glory thundereth !
 The LORD is upon the great sea ;
 The voice of the LORD is full of majesty ;
 The voice of the LORD breaketh the cedars ;
 He maketh the cedars to skip like a calf,
 And Lebanon and Sirion * like a young unicorn.
 The voice of the LORD divideth the flames of fire ;
 In His temple doth every one speak of His glory !”

‘The gale continued through the night, driving us from our enemies. In the morning, (November first,) heavy gales still continuing, we attempted to repair some of the sails.

‘One thought weighed heavily upon us : *What was to be done if we were again taken?* If it was unendurable in the first instance, how much more in the second ! The boy could identify us, and the Mary-Ann was known. In such an event there was but one course. It was a *clear necessity* that the boy must be put where he could tell no tales, and the vessel scuttled. By taking to the boats, we might possibly escape identification. I shuddered that such a necessity might arise ; it was even probable, and it became us to prepare for it. Seven large auger-holes were bored in the ship’s bottom, and stopped up with plugs. Toward night the wind moderated, and we bent a new foresail and completed the repair of the main-sail. During the day, we continued to make preparations for being again taken, and repaired the leaky boat. We all seemed to be impressed with the idea that we were yet to fall into the hands of the Turks.

‘November second came in with light winds. Every preparation for sinking the vessel had been made, and the boat loaded only with necessary articles. At nine o’clock in the morning we discovered a rakish-looking craft, bearing north, with the wind west-north-west. When she discovered us, she changed her course and bore down upon us. *The dreaded event was now at hand.* A low, devilish Algerine pirate was fast coming up with us.

“Nor in the legions
 Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
 In evils.”

‘Our previous captors were gentlemen in comparison, Our lives would only be spared for tortures. The plugs were pulled out, and three feet of water already in the hold. The pirate was so near we could discern with the glass that she was mounted with eight guns. She was a first-rate sailer, and not ashamed to show her colors. In half-an-hour she will be up with us, with her infernal crew. Time had been when the stars and stripes, waving above us, would have been a protection. No time was to be lost ; and now

“Scarf up the tender eye of pity,”

for the boy must be disposed of. When the blood was up, it would have been hard enough ; but now it was cool. The unoffending *boy* or *we* must die. The cook brought upon deck a fifty-six weight, and

* THE tempests that rise on the Mediterranean or Great Sea move over the mountains, and spend their strength among the cedars of Lebanon and Sirion.

turned away. It was the captain's duty to give orders, and mine to see them executed ; but there was no crew to perform the bidding ; the cook's was another duty. Nearer and more near the pirate approaches. In silence, as if by *necessity itself*, the boy was bound and the weight tied to his feet, and none of us could say, 'Thou didst it.'

'Most pitifully moaning, the boy lay upon the deck. I can hear him now ; it was enough to melt the stoutest heart. 'O God! deliver me from this hour!' broke from the lips of the captain. He would not throw the boy overboard ; the mate did not give the order ; the cook would not do it.

'BETTER be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our place have sent to peace,
Than on this torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.'

'As if by inspiration, I took the helm, and bore up to fall in with the pirate. The cook now became greatly excited, and talked of throwing the boy overboard. The alteration of our course, as we could see with the glass, seemed greatly to surprise the pirate. Our painted port-holes, at that distance, had the effect of real ones ; and the pirate, finding we were not afraid of her, concluded we carried too many guns, and so tacked about, and with a press of canvas was fast leaving us. *That was the happiest moment of my life.* The fact that she could out-sail us was by no means disagreeable. The holes were plugged up with difficulty ; the boy unbound ; the pumps set to work ; and our course shaped for Naples, where we arrived November fourth, eighteen hundred and seven, about four o'clock in the afternoon.

'Here we found we had run a blockade that had been blown off by the storm ; for Naples, being then in possession of the French, was blockaded by the English and Sicilians. Here the cabin-boy cut our acquaintance.

'Before our departure, we learned that the Algerine government had used their utmost exertion for our re-capture, and that all cruisers were commanded to bring us in *alive*. We thoroughly appreciated the term *alive*. The Dey made a formal demand upon our Consul at Naples for two thousand dollars, for each Algerine that was missing, which our government paid to the amount of sixteen thousand dollars. The reason of our being taken we learned to be because the United States had failed to pay tribute to the Dey ; and the reason of the failure was that the Chesapeake, which was carrying the tribute, was fired into by the English, and obliged to return to Norfolk for repairs.

'After selling our cargo of fish (owing to the blockade) at an unheard-of price, we became uneasy, and concluded, in spite of the Algerines and the blockade, to set sail for New-York. We took a favorable time ; ran the blockade ; kept clear of the cruisers ; and on the third day hauled under a Swedish seventy-four, and asked protection from the Algerines, which was refused, because they were at peace with them ; but acting on the belief that the frigate would not harm us, though we were within three miles of her, we in the day-time kept a respectful distance, and at night hugged closer, and finally arrived safely at Long-Island, July tenth, eighteen hundred and eight, during the embargo ;

and finding we could not get to sea again, though we had not entered our vessel, we, on the fourteenth, came up to the city of New-York, where we were visited by hundreds, who came to hear the story I have just told you.'

'And, Captain, what became of the sailors that were taken from the Mary-Ann and carried on board the frigate?'

'Well, they were put to hard labor, till the Danish government procured the release of one, the English two, and the United States the rest, by the payment of tribute.'

Here the Captain rose and opened a cupboard, and took out the dagger that he so narrowly escaped, and the silver-cased pistol of the prize-master, saying, 'that Captain Sheffield, who visited him in eighteen hundred and fourteen, had carefully preserved the double-barrelled gun. The cook, who left the vessel at Naples, took a part of the arms, as also did the cabin-boy. The insurance-office in New-York gave us five hundred dollars, which was distributed as follows: two hundred and fifty dollars to Captain Sheffield; one hundred and twenty-five to the mate; and the rest to the cook and cabin-boy.'

'Captain Sheffield died at his residence near Hurlgate, in Eighteen Hundred and Forty, greatly lamented by a large circle of friends.'

If any reader, in visiting the 'Old Colony,' will call upon my worthy friend, he will find a generous hospitality, this account minutely correct, and the Captain will tell him another story worth two of this.

P R A Y E R .

BEND beneath thy sorrow deep;
Bend, but do not break;
Unto hope's reviving light
Thy burdened heart shall wake.

GOD does not on our spirits lay
More than we should bear;
But looks to see us ask his help
In unceasing prayer.

Thou shalt not need to wait on HIM
As courtiers wait on kings,
Until an answer, long deferred,
A slender solace brings.

Thy lonely chamber is a court
Whence thou canst see His face;
The SOVEREIGN LORD of all the world
Is near in every place.

SIGMA.

D O C T O R S T U P O R .

'ILLE VENERA COLCHA TRACTAVIT.'—HORACE: BOOK FIRST, 13. v. 8-10.

Πολλὰς ἰφθιμοὺς ψυχὰς Ἴδιδε προΐαφεν. —ILIAD I. 3.

I.

ON the 'Creek Purchase,' years ago,
When men were few and 'varminits' plenty,
And chills and fever, high and low,
Shook nineteen men in every twenty;
Whene'er the 'Crackers,' salt or flesh,
Had colds, coughs, diarrhea, croup, or
The other ills that haunt the flesh,
They always sent for Doctor STUPOR.

II.

I knew him in his latter days,
And oft upon his limping pony
I saw him ride, and stopped to gaze
Upon his figure, grim and bony:
And often o'er his office-door
I saw the Doctor's sign-board swinging,
And sometimes at the mid-night hour
I heard his deathful mortar ringing.

III.

That mortar I beheld with awe,
As STUPOR's boy would sit and pound it;
For warrior never mortar saw
That death had oftener dealt around it.
Upon his shelves, in grim array,
Powders and pills were piled like bullets,
The which the Doctor day by day
Discharged a-down his patients' gullets.

IV.

The Doctor was a learned Creek;
He knew that 'Medicus' meant monkey,
And that *ιατρος*, in the Greek,
Was the appropriate term for donkey;
And when of symptoms called to speak,
His jargon was so diabolic,
So mixed with barbarous Creek and Greek,
It gave his auditors the colic!

V.

The Doctor's eyes were like blue pills,
His hair a ravelled sticking-plaster;
His nose some fiery root that kills,
Like his own medicines, or faster:

His lips were like Virginia twist;
Complexion, calomel and sulphur;
His strange ingredients through the list
Of drugs, Dame NATURE had to cull for.

VI.

And yet, howe'er at facts like these
A smile incredulous may dimple
The learned mugs of grave M.D.s,
The *tout ensemble* was still a simple.
Nature upon his face had wrought
A pompous vacuum unchanging,
No glimmer of intruding thought
Its blank composure e'er deranging.

VII.

It was not strange that he should be
A saint and elder in the session;
No man had oftener seen than he
The consequences of transgression;
He knew the end that sinners met,
By his and PROVIDENCE' appointment;
The memory of their woes was yet
Unto his soul as 'precious ointment.'

VIII.

His theological belief
Was simple, clear, and comprehensive;
And though 't was somewhat 'curt and brief,'
Its applications were extensive.
'T was: 'Love thy GOD with all thy might,
(As for thy *neighbor*, *that's* all gammon,)
Work in his service day and night,
And let that god be ever MAMMON.

IX.

The Doctor, like the knowing few,
Was fierce against all innovation:
He oft declared that notions new
Would soon 'demoralize the nation!'
He scorned the new and strange ideas
His younger brethren got by reading,
And always calmed his patient's fears
With copious calomel and bleeding.

X.

For forty years did DEATH and he
Ride on the same old horse together,
And range the country far and free,
In every kind of wind and weather.
But even DEATH at last, dismayed,
Endeavored vainly to restrict him;
The monarch grim became afraid
That he *himself* might fall a victim!

XI.

So down the Doctor's throat he crammed
 A pill of his own manufacture,
 And then his curious cranium jammed,
 And smashed it with a compound fracture :
 The Doctor, 'neath the grave-yard's plain,
 Like some grim warrior reposing
 Amid the foes his hand hath slain,
 Sleeps with the victims of his dosing.

XII.

But erring fame is wont to gild
 The 'butchers of mankind' with glory :
 The village paper half was filled
 With prose and poems laudatory ;
 And on a pompous marble pile,
 Which mourning yew and cypress droop o'er,
 You still may read, if worth your while,
 'Hic jacet Doctor NATHAN STUPOR !'

JULIA, OR THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

ON a bright, sun-shiny afternoon the garden of the Tuileries is one of the most agreeable resorts in the world. Its broad, shady avenues, smoothly laid with gravel, its flowers, fountains, and statuary, and its forest of venerable trees, form a picture unequalled by any other city in Europe.

At one end, the view extends through the *Champs Elysées* to the Arch of Triumph ; at the other, arises the dignified old palace of the Tuileries, which looks down as placidly upon the scene as if no furious mob had ever profaned its precincts, nor driven forth its royal inmates, some to the scaffold, and others to wander through the world.

What histories are written on the walls of this time-honored pile, which Dumas compares to an inn, where Royalty has merely put up in passing.

Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette were dragged hence to prison, and suffered death in the *Place de la Concorde*, in sight of the walls of their once royal abode.

Napoleon, when he had reached the pinnacle of his glory, sojourned here for a short time, and then gave place to Louis the Eighteenth ; but the latter had hardly time to arrange his household before he was obliged to make a precipitate retreat before the returning Emperor, who also, after another brief stay, was called away to Waterloo, never more to enter its gilded halls.

Since then, Charles the Tenth has given place to Louis Philippe, and Louis Philippe has given place to the people.

The imperial eagle has again unfolded its wings at the Tuileries ;

Louis Napoleon sits on the throne of his illustrious uncle, and all the pomp and splendor of royalty have again returned to its time-honored walls. But it is a bold man who can inhabit this building, so fatal to kings, and a bolder one who can lie down at night and sleep soundly upon the breast of this volcano.

But we will return to the garden, filled with its gay and thoughtless crowd, some of whom are promenading through its verdant alleys, or along its beautiful terraces, others quietly seated beneath the shade of the stately trees, enjoying the ever-changing scene upon a comfortable rush-bottomed chair, for the moderate price of two cents.

Let us stroll up this alley, skirting the Rue de Rivoli, and what a charming view meets the eye. You might imagine you had entered some public nursery, for hundreds of bright-eyed, rosy-checked nurses are there, with infants in their arms. Innumerable blooming children are at play; some trolling gayly-colored balls, some jumping the rope, others playing at tag, and all joyous and happy.

If any thing could cure a misanthrope, I think a daily visit to this place would soon have the desired effect. For to hear the joyous voices of these children at play, to behold their bright angelic faces, blooming with health, and to see their slight forms adorned with taste and elegance, tripping artlessly but most gracefully over the gravel walk, would warm the coldest heart, and cause it to feel more kindly toward its species. Behold that young mother sitting beneath yon tree; how often her eyes are raised from the piece of embroidery she is engaged upon, to watch with swelling heart her lovely little daughter, who is mixing with the joyous throng, but who never wanders beyond call. There are a hundred such mothers here, whose hearts are overflowing with maternal affection as they behold with pride their 'bird of promise,' their 'jewel without price.' The scene is really enchanting, and we might gaze on it for hours with pleasure; but we will pass onward to the grand avenue, where children of a larger growth are amusing themselves. Here the most beautiful women and the most elegant young men may be seen daily. Even the gray-haired sire, who feels conscious that he is too old to please, is glad to come and behold the beautiful toilets and lovely faces that throng the gravel walk; for the Frenchman is never too old to admire youth and beauty.

Some are seated in groups, engaged in lively conversation upon the topics of the day; some are in pairs, and talk in so low a voice that if they were making love no one would be the wiser for it; others are engaged in reading, or in needle-work; others, promenading; and all appear to be contented and happy.

But what a different scene this garden presents early in the morning! Its avenues are then deserted and silent, and the only sounds which greet the ear are the distant roar of the great city awaking to life, and the chirping of the little birds skipping among the branches of the trees. An occasional passenger may be seen traversing the garden from the Rue de Rivoli or the Quai Voltaire; but he lingers not to enjoy the perfume of the flowers, nor to lounge on the benches, but with a hurried step passes onward to his morning task.

Eugene A. — , a young medical student who lived in the Rue St.

Honoré, seldom saw the garden except at this hour, or late in the evening, when he traversed it on his way to and from hospitals and the Academy of Medicine. The candidate for medical honors must be an early riser here, when such men as Velpeau and Jobert may be found in the wards, or in the operating room between seven and eight o'clock in the morning.

For more than a month Eugene had been in the habit of meeting in his morning walk through the garden a young girl, dressed in black, and deeply veiled, who always carried in her hand a small box, like those used to hold artificial flowers.

He soon became so much in the habit of meeting this young person, that every morning he failed to see her graceful form tripping over the gravel walk he felt disappointed. This feeling grew upon him, and in a short time his sympathies became so much interested, that if he did not meet her in the garden, he would linger on the quay, or on the Pont Royal, until she made her appearance, and thus often arrived late to the clinique.

Eugene was the only son of a wealthy gentleman living near Bordeaux. Although perfect master of his own actions, and not stinted with regard to means, which were liberally furnished to him by his father, he had nevertheless resided in the metropolis for several years without becoming contaminated by its vices. The arduous pursuit of his studies, coupled with an ambition to excel in the profession he had chosen, were his safeguards amid the thousand snares which beset a young man in this vortex of dissipation.

Naturally of an excitable nature, a certain interest was awakened in his mind by the mystery which appeared to hang around this young person, and their almost daily meetings soon kindled in his breast a sympathy toward her, the cause of which he could not explain. His heart beat more quickly as he approached toward her, and timidly gazed upon the beautiful face which the envious veil could not altogether conceal. And when she had passed by, he would pause and watch her receding form until it was lost to his view.

One morning the young girl was not seen as usual, and Eugene lingered so long in the hope of beholding her that he did not arrive at the hospital until the clinique was half over. Several mornings passed in the like manner; he waited and waited without avail. He began now to neglect his studies, and passed nearly the whole day lingering about the garden in hopes of re-beholding the being toward whom he was so mysteriously attracted. But his hopes were fruitless; days and weeks passed away, but the vision of his morning walks never more appeared to gladden his sight.

Eugene lost his taste for study, and instead of being at the hospital, or at his books, was continually rambling over the city, buoyed up with the frail hope of again meeting the young lady in black.

At length, one evening while he was returning home after a long stroll, tired and disheartened, he espied the object of his search passing through the Rue Castiglione toward the Rue de Rivoli. He was so much overcome with joy at re-beholding her, that his first impulse was to rush up and greet her with all the warmth of an old acquaintance.

But a moment's reflection restrained him from committing so rash an act as to accost one to whom he was entirely unknown. Following in her foot-steps, however, he traversed the Rue de Rivoli, the Garden of the Tuileries, and the Pont Royal, continued along the Quai Voltaire and the Quai Malaquais, up the Rue de Seine, to the Rue de Bussy, where she entered a house and disappeared.

Eugene paused for a moment, and then, as if seized with a sudden determination, entered the gate-way to speak with the porter, that Cerberus of all Parisian houses.

'Good-day to you, Sir!' said Eugene; 'can you tell me the name of the young person who has just gone up-stairs?'

'Yes, Sir,' replied the porter, 'with the greatest pleasure; it is Miss Julia, who lives with her mother, Madame D——, in the fifth story; the door is to the right of the stair-way.'

'I do not wish to go up,' answered Eugene; 'I merely thought I would step in to inquire the name of the lady, for I have often met her in the street.'

'Ah! Sir! she is a very worthy young person, and it is a pity there are not more like her in the world. Although young and beautiful, she never thinks of going out to places of amusement, but passes the whole of her time in administering to the wants and comforts of a sick mother, and in laboring for her support. Madame and her daughter have lived in the house for more than two years. When they first came, they seemed to be tolerably well off; but they are very poor now. I never gain any thing by performing little commissions for them, as I used to do; but no matter; I like them, nevertheless, for they are always so gentle and polite that I would willingly do them a service without expecting a penny's recompense.'

Eugene talked for more than half-an-hour with the old porter, whose feelings appeared to be very deeply interested in the sick lady and her daughter. From all he communicated to him, he learned they had been in affluent circumstances before the death of Mr. D——, who was a gentleman of ample fortune, but had so diminished his means by unfortunate speculations at the Bourse, that at the time of his death, which took place just before the Revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight, Madame D—— found herself reduced almost to a state of poverty. She immediately sold off her splendid furniture, her horses and equipage, and retired to an apartment in a less fashionable quarter of the city, where she devoted her whole attention to the education of her daughter. After two years, however, her funds had dwindled away so rapidly that she found it necessary to take a still more humble lodging in the Rue de Bussy, where after having occupied for some time an apartment on the third floor, poverty had at last forced her to ascend to a small room on the fifth floor, where for a long time she and her daughter had gained a precarious subsistence by making artificial flowers.

Eugene bade the old porter good-day, and went away pondering how he might be able to make the acquaintance of Julia and her mother. Numerous plans were decided upon and relinquished as untenable; and not until the next morning did he conclude how to proceed.

His final decision was to go and see the old porter, and inquire if there were any rooms vacant in the house. For, once under the same roof with Julia, he flattered himself there would be a thousand ways of forming an acquaintance with her ; and he likewise persuaded himself that an apartment in the Rue de Bussy would be much more suitable for him as a student than one in the Rue St. Honoré, as it was nearer to the hospitals and the Academy of Medicine, and was much more economical, although he had no reason to economize. But Love's arguments are irresistible to a young man of twenty-two.

At an early hour Eugene was on his way to the Rue de Bussy, where he found the old porter at his post.

'Good-day, Mr. Porter!' said he. 'How is Madame D—— and her daughter this morning?'

'Ah!' replied the old man, 'she is much worse; and I fear the young lady will fall sick likewise, for she looks very pale to-day. They have no servant, and this delicate young girl is obliged to perform all the household duties, to watch night and day by the bed-side of her sick mother, and to labor for their daily support.'

Eugene could scarcely conceal his feelings when he learned the sufferings of these unhappy people, who had been raised in the lap of luxury, and were now reduced to the most abject misery. But, alas! how many examples of this kind does not Paris produce!

He turned away for a moment to conceal a tear which trembled in his eye, and changed the subject of conversation by asking the porter if there were any vacant rooms in the house to hire.

The old man showed him a very modest apartment on the fourth floor, which suited him exactly, and he took possession of it at once.

Established in his new abode, Eugene had a firm ally in the old porter, whose good-will he had completely gained by the interest he had taken in the unhappy lady and her daughter. Although Eugene only caught an occasional glimpse of Julia as she was descending or going up-stairs, he was nevertheless kept constantly informed of her movements, and felt himself happy in being under the same roof with her.

A few days after he had become established in his new abode, he commenced a series of little attentions toward his neighbors in the upper story. He would send to the sick lady almost daily some present of fruit or other delicacy, with a kind inquiry after her health.

This method was continued for a week or ten days, when Julia fell sick and was unable to leave her room. Obligated to relinquish her work, she was no longer able by the fruits of her labor to supply the wants of her mother and her own. Her last resource was a few jewels which had been saved from the wreck of their fortune, and the first of these, a valuable diamond ring, the porter had been commissioned to sacrifice. Eugene saw this was a propitious moment to make the acquaintance of Julia, and he felt rejoiced to think that it was in his power to be an angel of mercy to these unfortunate beings who found themselves deserted and friendless, without one pitying hand to lend them aid.

One morning he sallied forth to the market at an early hour, and bought a basket of delicious grapes, which he intended to go and offer

in person to his neighbors. Upon his return he ascended to the fifth story, and with a beating heart and trembling hand tapped gently at the door of Madame D ——'s apartment. A low voice called to him to enter. He placed his hand on the latch, but hesitated to lift it. A thousand conflicting feelings took possession of his breast, and for a few moments he felt undecided whether to advance or retreat. The question was whether he should give up the object of his life for the past three or four months, and resign all hopes of becoming acquainted with Julia, or whether he should leave her alone and desolate, and perhaps to die, unless timely aid was offered, or to overcome his timidity and boldly pursue the path he had determined upon.

These thoughts flashed quickly through his brain, and he hesitated no longer, but gently pressing the latch, entered the room.

Stretched upon a narrow bed lay the attenuated form of Madame D ——, and beside her reclined her daughter in a low arm-chair.

Upon perceiving Eugene, the young girl started, and a faint blush for a moment overspread her pale but beautiful features. Eugene timidly advanced and presented the basket of grapes, apologizing for his intrusion, and kindly inquiring after the health of her mother and her own.

Julia thanked him for his present, and warmly expressed the gratitude she felt for all the attentions he had shown to them since they had been under the same roof. Madame D ——, in a feeble voice, reiterated the words of her daughter, and poured forth her thanks to the Derrys, who in their deserted condition had not entirely left them friendless.

'O Madame!' said Eugene, 'I do not merit so many thanks; for I blame myself for not having come sooner to offer you my services. But it is never too late to do right, and I hope now while your daughter's health is so feeble, you will call upon me without hesitation.'

An angelic smile lighted up Julia's face as she thanked Eugene for his proffered kindness; and although the sick lady was too weak to give utterance to her feelings, her countenance expressed the warm gratitude of her heart.

Eugene's attentions to Madame D —— and her daughter now became constant. He ran daily to the apothecary's to procure the medicines the physician would order, administered them with his own hands at the proper moment, and attended to all their little wants and comforts with the most untiring assiduity.

A week flew by, and the hues of health began again to bloom upon Julia's cheek. Her indisposition had been caused by over-exertion, the proper remedy for which was repose.

She had again resumed her work, and Eugene would now sit for hours by her side, watching her fairy fingers as they formed flowers and wreaths to adorn the forms of many far less fair than herself.

With what rapture would he gaze upon her beautiful face, when her eyes, half-veiled in their dark lashes, were engaged upon her work! Oh! how sweet to him were those hours spent by her side! How natural and unaffected was their conversation, which flowed on as smoothly as the waters of a gentle stream; their tastes mutually harmonizing and blending together, like the colors of a beautiful painting.

Each day Eugene found some new feature to admire in Julia's mind, as it gradually developed itself to him. Her devotion to her mother, her untiring industry, and the sweet resignation with which she bore adversity, added an inexpressible charm to her youth and beauty.

In the course of two or three weeks, Madame D—— had so far recovered that she was enabled to sit up for an hour or two during the day. It was about this period that Eugene received a letter from Bordeaux, announcing the illness of his father, and requesting him to return home immediately. This letter was a two-fold affliction to him; for he loved his father with the most devoted affection, and the fear lest his malady should prove fatal, caused him the deepest sorrow; he also loved Julia with all the ardor of his nature, and he felt wretched at the very thought of leaving her. But the calls of filial affection could not be set aside; and he went to take leave of his neighbors in the fifth story with a heavy heart.

As Madame D—— pressed his hand, she expressed to him the warm thankfulness of her heart for his untiring devotion and kindness to them; and Julia, with a voice broken with emotion, breathed forth her gratitude, with many a fervent wish for his welfare, and for the restoration of his father's health.

Eugene bid the mother adieu, and then turned toward the daughter; but he could not utter a word. He pressed her hand in silence; and while he imprinted a kiss upon her fair forehead, a tear, which trembled in his eye, found its way to her cheek.

We will not pause to describe the bitter tears which Julia shed after Eugene's departure. Suffice it to say that her woman's heart had never confessed to itself that she loved him until now. It was at this moment when his noble character, his amiable temper, his kind and generous disposition, together with all his devotion to her mother and herself, were vividly pictured to her mind, that it was reserved for her to feel the power of emotions which hitherto had been strangers to her breast.

Eugene proceeded rapidly on his journey, and upon reaching Bordeaux, found his father dangerously ill. For two weeks he watched by his bed-side, night and day; but all the kind attentions which filial affection could bestow, and all the aid which the best medical talents in the country could give, were of no avail. Death had marked his victim; and the sick man sank gradually, and finally breathed his last in the arms of his son.

Eugene was so much overcome by the death of his father, that he closed his doors against all visitors, and lived a life of seclusion for several weeks.

After the poignancy of his grief was somewhat assuaged, his father's notary came to lay before him the state of his affairs.

With the exception of some trifling legacies, the will left him sole heir to a handsome estate. Yet the only pleasure this gave him, in the depressed state of his feelings, was the thought that he might be able to share it with Julia, and thus to place her in the position which her birth, beauty, and intelligence so fitted her to adorn. At the end of five or six weeks, all his affairs being arranged, he returned to Paris, to unbosom his heart to the lovely Julia.

Upon his arrival in the city, he drove immediately to the Rue de Bussy, elated with a thousand fond hopes, which, alas! were only doomed to disappointment.

The old porter was at his post, but Julia and her mother had left the house for several weeks, and the old man was ignorant of their place of residence.

He told him that about ten days after he left for Bordeaux, Madame D — received a letter, which contained some agreeable intelligence, and shortly after this the two ladies left the house suddenly one morning with a gentleman, who had called for them in his carriage.

Eugene felt desolate and heart-broken at this news, and taking his key from the porter, ascended quickly to his chamber, where he threw himself on the bed, and gave way to a torrent of grief. Life appeared to him to have lost its charms; his father, whom he tenderly loved, had been snatched away from him, and the last tie that bound him to life, the lovely being upon whom he had placed all the fondest affections of his heart, and toward whom he had flown on the wings of love to offer his hand and fortune, had gone, and no one knew whither.

The day passed away, and night stole upon him, but his grief was not assuaged; for the vision of Julia continually rose before him, in all her youth and beauty, and the recollection of the many happy hours he had spent by her side, ever and anon returned, to swell the current of his grief.

A week flew by before Eugene left his chamber. During this time the old porter came to see him several times during the day, for experience had taught him that solitude was favorable to grief, and he knew a little lively conversation would do him good.

In the course of time, Eugene gradually resumed his ordinary habits, devoting his mornings to the hospitals, and his evenings to study, whereby the poignancy of his grief was greatly diminished.

Some weeks after his return to the city, he entered as one of the house-physicians at the hospital of La Charité, and gave up his room in the Rue de Bussy. Although he was now constantly occupied in medical studies and duties, he never forgot Julia. The ardor of his passion was somewhat tempered, but her memory was still fondly cherished; and in his dreams her beautiful form would often reappear to add new life to the hopes of re-beholding her, which he still cherished in his breast. But these hopes were sometimes dimmed with sad reflections when he thought of what might have been her fate. Could it be that she had fled from the Rue de Bussy, to hide her poverty in some more obscure situation, where she had ended her life in misery? or by some unforeseen means had she been placed in the possession of wealth; and had some fortunate suitor carried away the prize which he would have given all he possessed to obtain?

One afternoon, while he was walking amid the gay crowd in the garden of the Tuileries, indulging in gloomy reflections and completely abstracted from every thing passing around him, he heard a well-known voice call him by name. He turned around quickly in the direction from which it proceeded, and perceived Julia and her mother at a short distance, seated beneath the shade. With a heart overflow-

ing with joy he flew toward them. Julia advanced to meet him, and greeted him with all the tenderness of a sister, while Madame D—— welcomed him with as much warm affection as if he had been her son.

Julia had never before appeared to him so lovely as she was at this moment; the roses of health bloomed upon her cheek; the shade of sorrow had passed away from her brow; and her beautiful form was clothed with an elegance and taste befitting her position. As he took a seat beside them, he saw evidently there had been a great change in their condition.

He told them of the death of his father, of all the regrets he had experienced on his return from Bordeaux, at not finding them in the Rue de Bussy, and of his ineffectual efforts to trace them out.

Madame D——, in turn, related that, shortly after his departure for Bordeaux, she had received a letter from Martinique, informing her of the death of a relative, to whose fortune she had fallen heir. The legacy made it necessary for her to go to Martinique, whither her daughter had accompanied her; and hence the fruitless searches of Eugene were accounted for.

‘But we have never forgotten your kindness,’ continued she; ‘and ever since our return we have used our utmost exertions to discover you, that we might welcome you to our new home. We shall never cease to feel the warmest gratitude toward you, Mr. Eugene, for you were, in truth, a ministering angel to us in the hour of adversity.’

Their conversation had lasted for nearly an hour, when it was interrupted by a servant, who came to announce to Madame D—— that her carriage was in waiting.

The ladies, on taking leave of Eugene, made him promise to come and see them early the next morning.

Our hero returned to his hospital with very different feelings from those with which he had started out. Despondency had vanished, and radiant hope again returned to light up his breast and shed its benign influence over his whole being. He was impatient for the coming of the morrow, and at as early an hour as propriety would admit of, he repaired to the residence of his friends, resolved to unbosom his heart to Julia.

Arriving at a house of handsome exterior, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, he was shown into an apartment on the first floor, furnished in the most sumptuous style. The elegant mirrors, the splendid carpets, and the numerous objects of taste and luxury that were scattered round in profusion contrasted strangely with the misery of the little chamber they had occupied in the Rue de Bussy.

But Eugene had barely time to cast a hasty glance around him before Julia’s light step was heard in an adjoining room, and she ran forward with a sweet smile to welcome him to their new abode.

‘Mamma has just this moment gone out,’ said she, ‘to attend to some business, but she will soon return, and in the mean time you must sit down and tell me all you have done since we parted. You do not know how much we have thought of you, and how many fervent prayers we have offered up for your happiness and welfare.’

‘Nor do you know,’ replied Eugene, ‘how much I have thought of you; how many fruitless hours I have spent in searching for you, and how many bitter tears I have shed when the thought has come over me that we might never more meet each other.’ Eugene’s voice trembled slightly as he gave utterance to these words, and when he ceased to speak Julia answered not, but cast down her eyes and was silent.

In a few moments he appeared to have recovered from his emotion, and said in a firmer tone: ‘You asked me, dear Julia, to tell you all that has transpired since we parted; but I will be more retrospective. I will go back to the time when, a light-hearted student, I used to cross the Garden of the Tuileries to go to my hospital. One morning, in my walk I met a young girl of graceful form and airy step, who attracted my attention. The next morning she appeared to me again; and so on, for days afterward. I soon began to feel a strange sympathy for this young person; and afterward, when I missed seeing her in the morning, a sadness hung over me for the rest of the day. In the course of a few weeks our meetings became much less frequent, and finally we met no more; and I was now made completely wretched. I neglected my studies, I ceased to visit the hospitals, and wandered about the city with the vain hope of meeting this unknown young person. Accident caused me again to cross her path, and this time I followed in her footsteps until I ascertained the place of her abode. The next day I hired an apartment in the same house, and soon afterward we became acquainted. After a few short days of happiness passed by her side, filial duty called me away to my home to attend the bed-side of a dying father. Weeks passed before my return to Paris, and upon my arrival I found the cherished being, who now occupied all my thoughts, and toward whom I had flown on the wings of love to offer my hand and fortune, had gone, and no one knew whither. I now became utterly wretched, and existence appeared to be a burden to me. My mind had but one object, and that object was the discovery of the one I loved. Many weeks passed away in fruitless searches, and finally, when hope was almost extinguished in my breast, in an unlooked-for moment we met again. I need not proceed farther with my history, my dear Julia, for you know the rest, and I come now to offer you a heart which has long been yours, a love which has been tried by time and absence, and which is free from all worldly considerations.’

At this moment Eugene pressed Julia’s hand to his lips, and gently drawing her toward him, clasped her in his arms. The beautiful girl shrank not from his embrace, but hid her blushes in his bosom.

What pen could describe the ecstasy of these two beings who, after having long cherished a secret love for each other, in spite of time and absence, found at last their feelings were reciprocal?

It was long before either of them spoke, but their silence was more eloquent than words.

At last Julia told him that she too remembered their meetings in the Garden of the Tuileries, that she soon learned to look for his elastic step upon the gravel-walk, and when afterward he reappeared to her as an angel of mercy amid their sickness and poverty, she felt emotions she had never before experienced. The hour of separation then came,

when he was obliged to return home, and it was at this moment that it was reserved for her to feel all the influence he had gained over her affections. She painted to him in vivid colors the grief she had experienced at his departure, and with what love, mingled with feelings of the liveliest gratitude, she had cherished his memory.

In the midst of this conversation Madame D — returned, and while she was cordially welcoming Eugene, Julia glided out of the room to hide her feelings from the penetrating eye of her mother.

Eugene seized the propitious moment, and related to Madame D — all that had just transpired between himself and her daughter.

No sooner had the good lady heard it than she clasped him in her arms, and imprinting a kiss upon his cheek said, 'Dear Eugene! I will be too happy to call you my son. I feel at this moment as if God had repaid me a thousand-fold for all the afflictions I have suffered, and I have nothing farther to desire on this side of the grave; my cup of happiness is full to overflowing.'

About a month after this, Eugene and Julia were married, and never did the venerable old church of St. Roche witness the union of two happier beings.

More than a year of unsullied felicity has passed over their heads since then, and as Eugene, the promising young physician, and Julia, his beautiful wife, take their accustomed walk in the Garden of the Tuileries, they still love to recall their morning meetings there in days gone by, and their first acquaintance in the Rue de Bussy. And although surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries wealth can procure, they often fondly dwell upon the memory of the many happy hours they spent together in that wretched chamber, and acknowledge they were among the most happy of their lives.

R. T. M.

A U T U M N .

THE autumn wind came sighing
In at my open door,
And a yellow leaf left lying
Silently on the floor.
Then out and around my cottage
It shook each loosened pane,
Then leaped away to the forest
To toy with the leaves again,
And shake from broad boughs bending
The fruits of summer's sending:

Then once again came flying
Back to my cottage door,
And sobbed as the sun-light faded
And died upon the floor.
Then I heard the noisy patter
Of the cold and chilly rain;
And I knew that the golden autumn
Had wandered away again.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON, HIS COURT AND FAMILY. By the DUCHESS D'ABRANTES, (Madame JUNOT.) In two volumes: pp. 1136. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THESE are ponderous volumes, and written with all that minuteness of detail, even in matters of the slightest possible importance, in which a woman, and especially a French woman, is so apt to indulge. The motives which actuated the writer in giving her volumes to the world must be acknowledged to be pure and honorable. 'I consider,' she says, in her introduction, 'the publication of these memoirs to be a duty to my family, and, above all, to the memory of my husband. Often during political storms a veil is thrown over some part of an illustrious life. The arm of JUNOT, which for twenty-two years defended his country, is now in the grave, and cannot remove the veil in which jealousy and envy would envelop his fame. It remains therefore for me, the mother of his children, to fulfill that sacred duty, and throw in all the light and all the truth which can leave him to be fairly judged.' This is certainly well and gracefully said, and avows objects, the noble character of which will be conceded by all honorable minds.

MADAME D'ABRANTES commences her work by some details respecting her family, and certain distinguished individuals, such as PAOLI, 'at the time when he diffused a ray of light upon his barbarous country.' She relates conversations, of which it would appear she kept copious memoranda, with ROMANSOFF, MARCOFF, KALISCHEFF, and DIRSCHKOFF, who enjoyed the intimacy of the Russian Empress, and acquainted the authoress with the real cause of the Greek insurrection of 1770. She speaks of Corsica, the adopted country of the family of COMNENE, and of the Greek origin of the BUONAPARTE family. The first part of the Memoirs describes the dawn of the Revolution, to all the vicissitudes of which Madame D'ABRANTES was a witness. Another part of the volumes comprises a terrible moment of the writer's existence; that sanguinary period 'when the French people seemed for a while to vie in ferocity with the wild beasts of the desert.' Of what ensued, subsequently, Madame D'ABRANTES gives this succinct but rapid *résumé*:

'But the military flag soon rallied under its protecting shade the honor and glory of France; and with magical rapidity the triumph of her arms was witnessed on the banks of the Rhine, on the summit of the Alps, in the marshes of Holland, on the lake of Zurich, and, above all, on the plains of Italy. Victory accompanied our armies, and wheresoever they went their track was marked by their blood. I am proud to say that the blood which flows in the veins of my sons was not spared by their father in the service of his country. But those days, so brilliant in our camps, were dull and gloomy in our cities; the latter were a prey to civil dissension. The terror of massacre had been succeeded by a terror no less frightful, produced by the continual conflict between anarchy and power. The termination of this conflict was the more doubtful; for anarchy was fostered in an element but too favorable to its growth; while, on the other hand, power, which was almost always usurped by force, and never delegated by a reasonable majority, could neither be awarded nor exercised without a struggle. Such contests always terminate in convulsions, and how many have we not seen! How often, when listening to the discussions which were maintained around me, have I heard the destruction of my unfortunate country predicted! Alas! France was doomed to linger out a longer career of misfortune! What was done one day was undone the next. But it is not so easy to build up as to pull down, and in Frante the truth of this common-place proverb was forcibly verified. Next succeeded the directorial reign—that monstrous union of anarchy, tyranny, and weakness. I saw those *Pasquin Kings*, in whose hands the sceptre was a mere club, with which they struck until the blow became a wound. Their reign terminated, the consulate marked the dawn of a new era, and France once more rose from amidst wreck and ruin. Next came the days of the empire, that great and prodigious wonder! Doubtless the true republican regretted his invaded rights; but where is the French heart that does not beat at the recollection of that era of glory, on hearing the names of those men who marched to battle as they would go to a fête; who purchased victory by a scar, and proclaimed France the mistress of nations from the Vistula to the Tagus? Thus I beheld the star of our prosperity at its summit; I saw it wane into obscurity, reappear, and sink a second time. During these changes my heart has been often afflicted; I have suffered deeply, and my silent sorrow has been more bitter than the loud despair of many others. However, it was even some gratification to French pride to see all Europe advancing to crush a sovereign of whom but a few days previously it had been the slave.

'In preparing these Memoirs, how many past recollections have revived! how many dormant griefs have awakened! In spite of the general fidelity of my memory, I occasionally met with dates and facts the remembrance of which, though not effaced, had faded by the course of time. They were speedily restored; but I must confess that my task has been a laborious and painful one, and nothing could have urged me forward to its execution but the conviction that *it must be done*.'

There are numerous matters in both of these large volumes of which only a woman, and only *such* a woman as the Duchess D'ABRANTES, would have treated: and yet all are so immediately interwoven with national, historical, and domestic facts connected with NAPOLEON'S great career, that they are seldom without deep interest to the reader. The fault of the book is its great prolixity in matters which concern only the noble lady's private feelings and emotions, unconnected with any stirring events which she was called upon to narrate. (Some of these emotions and feelings, although not perhaps without interest to those who are for the first time to become mothers, might perhaps have been omitted without detriment to the completeness of the volumes, as a work of general historical information. We close our notice with the following fervent passages from the last page of the work:

'NAPOLEON, destitute of all the aid he should have received, reentered, on the twentieth of March, 1815, the château of the Tuileries, while the fire lighted on the previous evening for the use of LOUIS the Eighteenth still burned in the principal kitchen. NAPOLEON did not well comprehend his position: it was new to him; and he should therefore have employed new assistants. He believed the Marshals less fickle, and regretted '*his own men*,' as he termed them. But these men were no longer *his*; they were for *themselves*; and his error concerning them ruined him. He had formed plans ill cemented together, to enable him to cross a bottomless abyss. He could but perish!

'The twentieth of March was perhaps the most important day in the life of NAPO-

LEON. It *might* have been a day of regeneration, both for him and France: it was a day fatal to both. I regard it as the termination of the grand military and political existence of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. Here we must stop; for his last great day was accomplished! Waterloo was the tomb of all that had escaped the sabre of the Cossack, and the cannon of the Austrians and Russians. Thus was engulfed our national honor, weighed down by infamous treasons. Waterloo came upon us like a flame kindled in hell, and destroyed our fortune, our glory, our all!—even hope! O Waterloo! Waterloo! No! I will not dwell on that horrible day. I will not divulge *that which I know*. I will not publish the disgrace of a French name. I will not tell that the battle *might* have been gained, yet *was* not. In *such* a case, silence is duty.

'The twentieth of March, then, is the day whereon, in these Memoirs, I quit NAPOLEON. I have conducted him, as it were by the hand, almost from his cradle to mature age, through the world that rang with his marvellous deeds, and unto this day, when, more surprising than ever, he reëntered alone, at the head of a few brave men, the palace conquered by his sword: whence he issued to front entire Europe armed against him!'

Touching the *manner* of these volumes, we wish we could say that the paper upon which they are printed was whiter than it is, although it seems sufficiently firm as to 'body.' The engravings, of which there are many, of the BONAPARTE family mainly, are well engraved. We had no idea, however, that MARIA LOUISA, JOSEPHINE's successor as Empress of France, had such a 'high old head.' She does n't appear to have been 'what you might call a ha'dsobe wobad,' as the wag says in the play.

PARTY LEADERS: SKETCHES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, ANDREW JACKSON, HENRY CLAY, and JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke. By JO. G. BALDWIN. In one volume: pp. 369. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS volume, from the pen of the author of 'The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi,' includes notices of many other distinguished American statesmen beside those mentioned in the title. The design of the author, as briefly set forth in his preface, he seems faithfully to have carried out. The *leading* events of the public and private history of some of the eminent personages connected with the political career of the United States are given, instead of an elaborate review of the lives of all the men who have figured, and of all the measures that have been agitated, in the course of the eventful period extending through three-quarters of a century, which would have been impossible. The author claims, and so far as we have been able to see, with justice, to have performed his task with candor, both in the narrative and criticism, and especially in entire freedom from all partisan bias. The events he describes are matters of familiar history; all that he has attempted has been a concise narrative of the facts, with just and appropriate reflections, in which, as we have said, we think he has succeeded. The omission of two eminent party leaders, CALHOUN and WEBSTER, is explained and excused upon the ground of a lack of space, and the multiplicity of recent eulogies upon, and personal memoirs of them. It strikes us that good engraved portraits of the principal subjects of the volume would have added greatly to its attractions. It is well printed, upon good paper.

LYTERIA: A DRAMATIC POEM. In one volume, double-octavo: pp. 123. Boston, Mass.: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

AN 'ION'-ic column in the classical dramatic temple, that will win admiration and applause from more than 'once-readers,' (as the German phrase goes,) and which reflects honor upon the chaste taste and severe study of the author. In this 'work-a-day' age, when a classical style is repudiated, and 'Hot Corn' is considered a better dish than any which ancient Rome could furnish, perhaps the author (whom we understand to be JOSIAH P. QUINCY, Jr., of Boston) need not expect any 'great rush' to the counters of his publishers; but he may nevertheless have the better satisfaction of reflecting that he has done nothing to vitiate the style or corrupt the literary taste of the time — such as it is. Not that we admire entirely the style of the classic drama, for we do not. It must needs be stately, and hence necessarily somewhat cold; but with all its lack of warmth, it is *pure* — and that is a great point gained. We had written thus much concerning the work before us, which we had read attentively and with interest and pleasure, when the subjoined review, doubtless from the pen of Mr. BRYANT, met our eye in the columns of the '*Evening Post*' daily journal. We substitute it in place of any farther remarks of our own, as a clear synopsis of, and just tribute to, this classical performance:

'LYTERIA is founded upon the familiar classical legend of MARCUS CURTIUS, a young Roman knight who sacrificed his life for the good of the state, in obedience to the oracle declaring that a dangerous abyss, which had suddenly opened in the midst of the Forum, should not close until it had engulfed Rome's most precious possession.

'With a view, however, of creating a sufficient necessity for so great a sacrifice, a deviation has been taken from the original Livian narrative in the noxious exhalations which are described as rising from the gulf and spreading a mortal pestilence which no ordinary human means can remove. But the introduction of the character of LYTERIA, the affianced bride of CURTIUS, who incites the self-immolation of what she holds most dear to the demands of duty, is another change, and the change most essential to the purpose of the author.

'This purpose is to exhibit feminine devotion put to the highest possible proof, and thereby to suggest that woman, even in the ordinary exertion of her influence on man, has a share in the merit of his greatest achievements, which is by no means generally suspected or appreciated.

'With regard to the leading idea of '*Lyteria*,' we may remark that it is an original one, or that, at least, it is here brought into more distinct relief than has elsewhere been attempted. It is certainly an adequate basis for a drama of a very high order. Nor do we think that the author has failed to answer the severe requirements of his task. The plot shows throughout an unusual mastery of dramatic art, particularly in the ingenious manner in which the dreadful truth is gradually suggested to the mind of LYTERIA, while listening in the Temple of JUPITER to the oracle, that her lover is the sacrifice indicated by its mysterious announcement. While liable to exception for the undue length of some of the sentences, the language is remarkable for its clearness, purity, and sonorous rhythmical march, obviously betokening the author's familiarity with the early and best examples of English dramatic composition. The tone of thought is also uniformly sustained and elevated, sometimes highly poetical and felicitously expressed, but never degenerating into bombast or feebleness.

'LYTERIA, the daughter of DOELIUS, the high-priest of the Temple of JUPITER, is the affianced bride of MARCUS CURTIUS. She is described as the embodiment of the purest

and most womanly affections, subordinated, however, to a sublime fidelity to her convictions of duty. When, therefore, the oracle not only declares that the yawning earth will not be satisfied, nor the pestilence be staid, till the most precious possession of Rome shall be swallowed in the abyss, but also that she herself must announce the victim indicated by it, she surrenders without a murmur yet not without a struggle, the object of her love to the will of HEAVEN. It is no slight praise to say that the author has succeeded completely in portraying the moral beauty of so exalted a character. Hardly less excellent are his delineations of the generous ambition of CURTIUS, and the austere sanctity of the high-priest, struggling respectively with the strong impulses of earthly affection.

'Unlike the mass of contemporary poetry, the volume will be most acceptable to readers of a matured taste and scholarly culture. Nor will it be less acceptable from the fact that it bears, with decided advantage, the critical test of repeated and careful perusal. From the conscientious study, also, as well as the sterling literary qualities manifested in 'Lyteria,' we are led to believe that the author is capable of giving to the world, whether in prose or verse, works which will do credit to his own powers as well as to the judgment of his readers.'

SARGENT'S SERIES OF SCHOOL-READERS: 'The First-Class Standard Reader': in one volume: pp. 480. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY. New-York: J. C. DERBY.

We are reminded by the appearance of the sixth edition of 'The First-Class Standard Reader,' upon our table, to say a word in regard to the series of new School-Readers, in course of publication by PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY, of Boston, and J. C. DERBY, of this city, and of which Mr. EPES SARGENT, author of that remarkably successful work, 'The Standard Speaker,' is the editor. The principal volume of the series, 'The First-Class Standard Reader,' is a handsome octavo of four hundred and eighty pages, and contains some new features which must commend it highly to the favor of every intelligent teacher. The system of references, by which the reader's attention is kept constantly on the alert against faults of articulation and pronunciation, and by which he is directed to a solution of all difficult words in a copious 'Explanatory Index,' at the end of the volume, is a great improvement on all previous contrivances. It is more thorough, and relieves the text from cumbersome and unsightly notes. But it is in the character of its reading-lessons that this work is particularly strong. These are carefully adapted to the capacity of the pupil, and are at the same time of a high order in a literary respect. The most scrutinizing care has been exercised to exclude every thing of an immoral or even questionable tendency.

The above 'Reader' is meeting with a rare success. Though published only last summer, it has passed through six large editions, and has been widely introduced into our best schools. The series will consist of five books. The next in order, 'The Standard Fourth Reader,' is announced for publication the present month. It is said that it will be one of the most thorough elementary books, in its introductory exercises, ever published. Mr. SARGENT has been several years engaged on these works, and has collected quite a library of English, French, and German reading-books, in order to avail himself of such improvements as they may present.

ELEMENTS OF LOGIC: Comprising the Substance of an Article in the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' with Additions, etc. By RICHARD WHATLEY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. In one volume: pp. 443. Boston and Cambridge: JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

THE present is a new edition of a work which has already passed through *nine* editions, and has been carefully revised by the author, who has introduced a few insertions and alterations of expression in some places; and several passages have been transferred from the places which they formerly occupied, to others which appeared more suitable. In his introduction and elsewhere the author has given a brief but clear exposure of some objections which have been of late years revived, in a new form, against the utility of science generally, against the syllogistic theory, and against the explanations given in the treatise before us of reasoning from induction. We have never dwelt much upon logical or theological treatises in these pages, nor do we 'aggrize a prompt alacrity' at reading, as a general thing, either the one or the other. But we have been both entertained and instructed in the perusal of the present volume. We were glad to see, for one thing, the rebuke given to those who indulge in ambiguous terms, one example of which (and it ought to be made a '*severe example*' of) he quotes from a recent Protestant work: 'Theology teaches that there is in God one Essence, two Processions, three Persons, four Relations, five Notions, and the Circumincession, or Perichoresis.' Think of giving this as a description of the nature of our Heavenly FATHER to a child! We commend to theological disputants these sensible remarks also, which we incidentally noted in turning over the Archbishop's pages, as not unworthy of heedful regard:

'As it is wise to reserve for mature age, such instructions as are unsuitable to a puerile understanding, so it seems the part of a like wisdom to abstain, during this our state of childhood, from curious speculations on subjects in which even the ablest of human minds can but 'see by means of a glass, darkly.' On these the learned can have no advantage over others; though we are apt to forget that any mysterious point inscrutable to Man, as Man — surpassing the utmost reach of human intellect — must be such to the learned and to the ignorant, to the wise and to the simple alike; that in utter darkness the strongest sight and the weakest are on a level. 'Sir, in these matters,' (said one of the most eminent of our Reformers, respecting another mysterious point,) 'I am so fearful that I dare speak no further, yea almost none otherwise, than as the Scripture doth, as it were, *lead me by the hand.*'

'And surely it is much better thus to *consult* Scripture, and take it for a *guide*, than to resort to it merely for *confirmations*, contained in detached texts, of the several parts of some system of theology, which the student fixes on as reputed orthodox, and which is in fact made the guide which he permits to 'lead him by the hand;' while passages culled out from various parts of the sacred writings, in subserviency to such system, are formed into what may be called an *anagram* of Scripture; and then, by reference to this system as a standard, each doctrine or discourse is readily pronounced Orthodox, or Socinian, or Arian, or Sabellian, or Nestorian, etc.; and all this on the ground that the theological scheme which the student has adopted is supported by Scripture. The *materials* indeed are the stones of the Temple; but the *building* constructed with them is a fabric of human contrivance. If instead of this too common procedure, students would fairly search the Scriptures, with a view not merely to *defend* their opinions, but to *form* them — not merely for *arguments*, but for *truth* — keeping human expositions to their own proper purposes, and not allowing these to become practically a standard — if, in short, they were as honestly desirous to be on the *side of Scripture*, as they naturally are to have *Scripture on their side*, how much sounder, as well as more charitable, would their conclusions often be!'

If any one doubts that this is not good advice, on the part of the venerable Protestant Archbishop, let them turn to his pages, and see with what ability he supports the arguments which enforce it.

POEMS OF THE ORIENT. By BAYARD TAYLOR. In one volume: pp. 203. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

COMING down to town the other morning, in the good steamer '*Armenia*,' we took out of our travelling-bag, or literary satchel, this neat and tasteful volume of BAYARD TAYLOR. Now, it is something to say of any one volume of poetry that you 'read it through at a sitting;' nor is it complimentary, perhaps, to say it of *all* volumes of poetry which one is *bound* to read. But it is no mere compliment which we desire to pay to this volume, or its gifted author, when we state that we *did* read it through at a sitting, although moving along the autumnal shores of a glorious river, in company with some two hundred and fifty fellow-passengers. We had recent occasion to speak of Mr. TAYLOR's faithfulness of description in his prose writings; of the certainty with which the reader might assume, that he was regarding a true picture of what his author was endeavoring to represent to his eye, or to his mind. TAYLOR's poetry demands the same high praise; and instead of *talking* concerning it, we are going to permit the reader himself to '*think* about it,' by affording him some specimens whereon to ruminate. Sorely were we tempted by '*The Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled*,' and one or two other somewhat kindred pieces, which are suffused with oriental hues; but we must confine our extracts to less extended portions of the volume, beginning with '*Charmian*,' which is also a '*temptation*,' but nevertheless a short one:

'O DAUGHTER of the Sun!
Who gave the keys of passion unto thee?
Who taught the powerful sorcery
Wherein my soul, too willing to be won,
Still feebly struggles to be free,
But more than half undone?
Within the mirror of thine eyes,
Full of the sleep of warm Egyptian skies —
The sleep of lightning, bound in airy spell,
And deadlier, because invisible —
I see the reflex of a feeling
Which was not, till I looked on thee:
A power, involved in mystery,
That shrinks, affrighted, from its own revealing.

'Thou sitt'st in stately indolence,
Too calm to feel a breath of passion start
The listless fibres of thy sense,
The fiery slumber of thy heart.
Thine eyes are wells of darkness, by the veil
Of languid lids half-sealed: the pale
And bloodless olive of thy face,
And the full, silent lips that wear
A ripe serenity of grace,
Are dark beneath the shadow of thy hair.
Not from the brow of templed Athor beams
Such tropic warmth along the path of dreams;
Not from the lips of horned Isis flows
Such sweetness of repose!
For thou art Passion's self, a goddess too,
And aught but worship never knew;
And thus thy glances, calm and sure,
Look for accustomed homage, and betray
No effort to assert thy sway:
Thou deem'st my fealty secure.

‘O Sorceress! those looks unseal
 The undisturbed mysteries that press
 Too deep in nature for the heart to feel
 Their terror and their loveliness.
 Thine eyes are torches that illumine
 On secret shrines their unforeboded fires,
 And fill the vaults of silence and of gloom
 With the unresting life of new desires.
 I follow where their arrowy ray
 Pierces the veil I would not tear away,
 And with a dread, delicious awe behold
 Another gate of life unfold,
 Like the rapt neophyte who sees
 Some march of grand Osirian mysteries.
 The startled chambers I explore,
 And every entrance open lies,
 Forced by the magic thrill that runs before
 Thy slowly-lifted eyes.
 I tremble to the centre of my being
 Thus to confess the spirit’s poise o’erthrown,
 And all its guiding virtues blown
 Like leaves before the whirlwind’s fury fleeing.

‘But see! one memory rises in my soul,
 And, beaming steadily and clear,
 Scatters the lurid thunder-clouds that roll
 Through Passion’s sultry atmosphere.
 An alchemy more potent borrow
 For thy dark eyes, enticing Sorceress!
 For on the casket of a sacred Sorrow
 Their shafts fall powerless.
 Nay, frown not, Athor, from thy mystic shrine:
 Strong Goddess of Desire, I will not be
 One of the myriad slaves thou callest thine,
 To cast my manhood’s crown of royalty
 Before thy dangerous beauty: I am free!’

In another vein, but to our eye and ear very picturesque and musical, are the lines on ‘Tyre.’ Most admirably are the Scripture terms and pictures retained:

‘The wild and windy morning is lit with lurid fire;
 The thundering surf of ocean beats on the rocks of Tyre—
 Beats on the fallen columns and round the headland roars,
 And hurls its foamy volume along the hollow shores,
 And calls with hungry clamor, that speaks its long desire:
 ‘Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?’

‘Within her cunning harbor, choked with invading sand,
 No galleys bring their freightage, the spoils of every land,
 And like a prostrate forest, when autumn gales have blown,
 Her colonnades of granite lie shattered and o’erthrown:
 And from the reef the pharos no longer flings its fire
 To beacon home from Tarshish the lordly ships of Tyre.

‘Where is thy rod of empire, once mighty on the waves—
 Thou that thyself exalted, till kings became thy slaves?
 Thou that didst speak to nations, and saw thy will obeyed—
 Whose favor made them joyful, whose anger sore afraid—
 Who laidst thy deep foundations, and thought them strong and sure,
 And boasted ‘midst the waters: shall I not aye endure?

‘Where is the wealth of ages that heaped thy princely mart?
 The pomp of purple trappings; the gems of Syrian art;
 The silken goats of Kedar; Sabæa’s spicy store;
 The tributes of the islands thy squadrons homeward bore,
 When in thy gates triumphant they entered from the sea
 With sound of horn and sackbut, of harp and psaltery?

'Howl, howl, ye ships of Tarshish! the glory is laid waste:
There is no habitation; the mansions are defaced.
No mariners of Sidon unfurl your mighty sails;
No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow in Shenir's vales,
And Bashan's oaks that boasted a thousand years of sun,
Or hew the masts of cedar on frosty Lebanon.

'Rise, thou forgotten harlot! take up thy harp and sing:
Call the rebellious islands to own their ancient king:
Bare to the spray thy bosom, and with thy hair unbound,
Sit on the piles of ruin, thou throneless and discrowned!
There mix thy voice of wailing with the thunders of the sea,
And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou remembered be!

'Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature still laments
The pomp and power departed, the lost magnificence:
The hills were proud to see thee, and they are sadder now;
The sea was proud to bear thee, and wears a troubled brow,
And evermore the surges chant forth their vain desire:
'Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?''

One other poem, upon a still sacred city, must close our quotations: 'O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! — thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thee together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not!' Think of the emotions which must have filled the mind of our poet as, looking down upon the 'Beautiful City,' he penned the following:

I.

'FAIR shines the moon, Jerusalem,
Upon the hills that wore
Thy glory once, their diadem
Ere Judah's reign was o'er:
The stars on hallowed Olivet
And over Zion burn,
But when shall rise thy splendor set?
Thy majesty return?

II.

'The peaceful shades that wrap thee now
Thy desolation hide;
The moon-lit beauty of thy brow
Restores thine ancient pride;
Yet there, where Rome thy Temple rent,
The dews of midnight wet
The marble dome of Omar's tent,
And Aksa's minaret.

III.

'Thy strength, Jerusalem, is o'er,
And broken are thy walls;
The harp of ISRAEL sounds no more
In thy deserted halls:
But where thy kings and prophets trod,
Triumphant over DEATH
Behold the living SOUL of GOD —
The CHRIST of Nazareth!

IV.

'The halo of His presence fills
Thy courts, thy ways of men;
His footsteps on thy holy hills
Are beautiful as then;
The prayer, whose bloody sweat betrayed
His human agony,
Still haunts the awful olive shade
Of old Gethsemane.

V.

'Woe unto thee, Jerusalem!
 Slayer of prophets, thou,
 That in thy fury stonest them
 God sent, and sends thee now:
 Where thou, O CHRIST! with anguish spent,
 Forgave thy foes, and died,
 Thy garments yet are daily rent —
 Thy soul is crucified!

VI.

'They darken with the Christian name
 The light that from thee beamed,
 And by the hatred they proclaim
 Thy spirit is blasphemed;
 Unto thine ear the prayers they send
 Were fit for BELIAL's reign,
 And Moslem cimeters defend
 The temple they profane.

VII.

'Who shall rebuild Jerusalem?
 Her scattered children bring
 From Earth's far ends, and gather them
 Beneath her sheltering wing?
 For JUDAH's sceptre broken lies,
 And from his kingly stem
 No new MESSIAH shall arise
 For lost Jerusalem!

VIII.

'But let the wild ass on her hills
 Its foal unfrighted lead,
 And by the source of Kedron's rills
 The desert adder breed:
 For where the love of CHRIST has made
 Its mansion in the heart,
 HE builds in pomp that will not fade
 Her heavenly counterpart.

IX.

'How long, O CHRIST! shall men obscure
 Thy holy charity —
 How long the godless rites endure,
 Which they bestow on THEE?
 THOU, in whose soul of tenderness
 The FATHER's mercy shone,
 Who came, the sons of men to bless
 By truth and love alone.

X.

'The suns of eighteen hundred years
 Have seen THY reign expand,
 And Morning, on her pathway, hears
 THY name in every land;
 But where THY sacred steps were sent
 The FATHER's will to bide,
 THY garments yet are daily rent —
 THY soul is crucified!

Enough: if we were to quote more, it would not avail, save to those who do not appreciate true poetry; and as for those who *do*, they will buy the book. Yet to all, of every class, we cordially commend it.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S NEW CATALOGUE of American and English Books: comprising a most Extensive Assortment of the Best Works in every Department of Literature and Science: with a Complete Index.

THIS catalogue, aside from the evidences of careful research and clear arrangement which it presents, will afford some idea of the intellectual resources of the great book-establishment whence it proceeds, and of which it will be, for the present at least, a preëminent monument. It contains two hundred and fifty closely-printed pages, in double columns, classified in every department of literature, science, and art. The subjoined '*Notes and Items*' of interest gleaned from the catalogue will afford some idea of its character and scope:

- '1. The number of *authors* in this catalogue is 4773, of which 1503 are American.
- '2. The number of *female* authors enumerated is 294, of which 146 are American.
- '3. The different *works* specified amount to 8241.
- '4. The *volumes*, taking only one copy of each work, are 19,301.
- '5. The estimated *value* of one copy of each work herein enumerated is \$40,301.
- '6. The number of *subjects* treated of is 1555.
- '7. The *largest book* in the collection is entitled '*BOYDELL'S SHAKSPEARE*'—30 x 24.
- '8. The *smallest book* in the collection is '*TAYLOR'S* exceedingly quaint work, the '*Thumb Bible*'—2 x 2.
- '9. The *thickest book* is '*LIDDELL AND SCOTT'S Lexicon*'—pp. 1734.
- '10. The *thinnest* one is the '*Book of Flower Painting*'—pp. 27.
- '11. The *handsomest* printed work is the New-York edition of the '*Spectator*,' in six volumes 8vo.
- '12. The book printed from the *smallest type* yet used in America is D. A. & Co.'s beautiful new pocket edition of the Prayer-Book.
- '13. The *longest title* is '*LOUDON'S Encyclopedia of Plants*'—15 lines.
- '14. The *shortest title* is a book entitled '*Home*'—pp. 172.
- '15. The *lowest price* book is '*ANTHON'S Easy Catechism*'—6½ cents.
- '16. The *most expensive* work is '*HOEFNAGL'S Collection of Paintings*'—price, \$1000, (one thousand dollars).
- '17. The work comprising the *largest number of volumes* is '*VALPT'S Delphin Classics*'—141 vols.
- '18. The *most voluminous* English author is Sir WALTER SCOTT: 93 vols.
- '19. The *most voluminous* American author is FENIMORE COOPER—33 vols.
- '20. The *oldest book* in the collection is '*The Troubles at Frankfort*'—1534.
- '21. The *largest work by one author* is '*Lord KINGSBOROUGH'S Mexican Antiquities*,' in nine immense vols. folio.
- '22. The *greatest collection of authors* in one set of books is '*CHALMERS'S British Poets*,' containing the works of 143 authors.
- '23. The *most profusely illustrated* work is the '*Illustrated London News*,' containing over 12,000 spirited engravings.
- '24. The *longest continued* work is the '*Annual Register*,' which has been published without interruption for the long period of 95 years.
- '25. The *greatest variety of editions* of any author is of '*SHAKSPEARE*.'
- '26. The *most ludicrous* work is the '*Comic History of Rome*.'
- '27. The *most elegant book of line-engravings* ever imported is the new English work, the '*Royal Gallery of Engravings*.'
- '28. The *most saleable* English author is SHAKSPEARE, then BYRON, and MOORE the third. Of American authors: essayists, IRVING; historians, BANCROFT; poets, BRYANT.
- '29. The *most singular* work is the '*Notes and Queries*,' a repertoire of every thing odd or curious.
- '30. The *richest* illustrated work of *colored engravings* is '*Windsor Castle*.'
- '31. The greatest number of any American work sold by us is '*BENTON'S Thirty Years*,' of which upward of 50,000 were sold before publication.
- '32. The greatest number sold of any *fine imported book* is the Abbotsford edition of the *Waverley Novels*, in 12 vols.—\$50—which has exceeded 800 copies, making 9600 vols.
- '33. The greatest number of copies of an English Juvenile imported is 10,000. It is entitled '*The Picture Pleasure-Book*,' of which we sold in one season 7000! Price, \$1.25.
- '34. Two very interesting and beautiful volumes in the collection are the '*Songs of SHAKSPEARE*,' and the '*Parables of our Lord*,' the whole contents of which are *engraved*!
- '35. Some idea may be formed of the growing desire for *geographical knowledge*, when we state the fact that we have sold over 5000 copies of '*APPLETON'S Modern Atlas*,' and 1500 copies of '*BLACK'S Atlas*,' beside many hundred copies of other good atlases. (See pp. 10-11.)
- '36. The best, the cheapest edition of the '*British Poets*,' as well as the edition printed from the *largest type*, and will be the most complete, is the new edition now publishing by D. A. & Co.
- '37. The most saleable *Theological* works are TRENCH on the Parables and TRENCH on the Miracles, 2 vols.'

POEMS BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Collected and Arranged by the Author. In two volumes: pp. 582. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. London: Number Sixteen, Little-Britain.

WHEN the last hour shall come to BRYANT—and 'long and late may it be'—how much will he leave behind him that cannot fade nor die! For ourselves, so completely interwoven with our own, for at least a quarter of a century, have been BRYANT's recorded emotions and interpretations of nature, that we scarcely dare trust our pen with the expression of the honor and reverence with which we regard the teachings of his verse, lest we might be thought to exaggerate them. The truth is that he has so wedded himself to the elements, to the great features of Nature, of which he has been so true and faithful an exponent, that it will be impossible, with those who have appreciated his deep feeling and fervent poetry, hereafter to dissociate him from them. We can truly say that scarce a day goes over our head in which we are not reminded of *something* which BRYANT has thought, felt and written; and written *because* he thought and felt them. Twenty times, a week since, in coming down from 'Rockland Tower,' through the sweet-smelling autumn-woods, with a 'little prattler' at our side, in whose 'arch eye and speaking face' we saw the 'new beauties' of which he himself has sung so touchingly and so well, we saw BRYANT before us; in the 'aster in the wood,' in the 'golden-rod,' and the 'yellow sun-flower, by the brook;' and we *felt* the presence of his spirit in the moaning south-wind, 'searching' for the fragrance of vanished flowers, and awakening sad soul-whispers in the cone-like cedars, 'thickly set with pale-blue berries.' Do we re-visit the country?—there are the 'pleasant vales *scooped* out, and villages between'—scenes we have loved so long. Do we cross the Hudson to Hoboken or Weehawken, of a sultry evening in summer? Lo! the evening wind from the sea; how it melts upon the temples like the invisible touch of some spirit-hand! And *that* is BRYANT's 'Evening Wind,' which has been riding all day the wild blue waves, and swelling the white sail, and which is now on its errand of mercy and of joy to 'the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.' As you enter the harbor, from your daily pleasant sail down the river, you see, far up the giddy mast, the 'shouting seamen climb and furl the sail,' and you think of your favorite poet; and how these seamen have but just returned from the storms and tempests of the great ocean, so briefly yet so *immeasurably* depicted in 'The Winds.' And no longer ago than yesterday, when Mons. GODDARD came floating by our mountain-dwelling on the Hudson, in his balloon, and we watched him with a glass until he had disappeared in the upper northern blue, we thought of BRYANT, and his 'Lines to a Water-Fowl:'

'THOU'RT gone—the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form:'

And so it is always, with whatever else we may read of BRYANT's; and one *reads* on all occasions, because he 'cannot but *remember* such things were, that were most pleasant to him.' Memory is your true critic, and BRYANT's poetry is always remembered.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A FELINE EPISTLE FROM OUR 'UP-RIVER' CORRESPONDENT. — Our friend is a man after our own heart in his love of cats. (We have always contended, and do still contend, that they are an abused animal.) (We have tested their affection a thousand times.) Not a month since, our sanctum favorite disappeared, doubtless killed by some vagrant watch-dog. She was a perfect treasure to us. She would coil herself up in a little box beyond the ink-stand, where we keep our note-paper, and while we were writing, look us meekly in the eye, all the while purring softly, and now and then putting out her velvet paw, with a graceful pretence, as if to clutch our pen. What a handsome little creature she was! The cygnet's down was not softer or whiter than her fur. If she be living, we entreat her to return to her sorrowing friends:

'DEAR KNICK: I am in want of a good cat. If any one has a spare cat not over one year of age, or not so old as to have lost all relish for the chase, if known by the name of TABITHA, and not THOMAS, I should like to have it. If she is only a weaned kitten, amusing herself with such infantile follies as playing with a ball of yarn, or with the tip-end of her tail, or with a wall-shadow, and still you think she shows signs of being a good meow-ser, dispatch the said creature by express to my address. No: I recall what I have said. Do not be sending me your spare cats; for it occurs to me before the ink is dry, that if my many friends all around, who present Shanghai chickens, Christmas turkeys, and barrels of apples on the slightest indication of a want, should act up to this call, that I should be more over-run with cats then, than I am with rats now. Pay no regard to the request, O my multitudinous friends, or a purring emigration may set in upon me. I shall have to keep a servant at the door to receive the tortoise-shells, with 'compliments of the donors;' my hall will be turned into a BARNUM'S Museum, when a cat-fair is in session, and I shall be compelled to drown the whiskered gifts in a pond, or to knock them on the head with a hatchet. I will adopt a kitten of my neighbor's. This is a vermillion edict, to be observed as strictly as that of the Emperor of China to the 'foreign barbarians and hairy devils.' Let nothing of the kind be done. It is not desirable. Mark this.

One of my earliest adventures was with a Maltese cat, which caused me great trouble. I was ten years old, and in company with a brother aged eight, was returning from a visit to Columbia county. Among other things we brought away a bag of Chiskitom-nuts, (I do not know how the name is spelled,) or, as they are called in the country, shell-barks, and a mouse-colored Maltese, as that variety of cats was not much known on Long-Island. We had gone on board the steam-boat at Albany, when my younger brother perceiving that the box which contained the cat was missing, left my side, and in the few moments during which he was gone the planks were drawn in, and the boat moved from the wharf. What a night I passed on board! What a reception I got when I reached home the next day, with a bag of shell-barks, and without my brother! Some how or other he managed to take care of himself, and arrived in the next boat with the Maltese kitten. It was an episode in my dull life, in my unromantic history. We were fond of cats at our house; there were no ponds in the neighborhood; there was no cruelty in our family; in consequence of which the broods thrived, and the kitchen became a New-Malta. The kittens were as welcome in the parlor as in the kitchen, and though their tails and toes were trodden on a dozen times a day, and their yells caused great distress to the nerves of my aged aunt, no more permanent injury was done to the toes and the tails than if you had mashed a piece of India-rubber. My brother JIMMY, four years of age, lugged the little things up the stairs by the nape of the neck, by the ears, and almost by the whiskers, rolled with them on the floor, or tossed them in the air; but they seemed to like the roughest tumbling which his small hands could give them. When he died, the Maltese mother seemed to deplore his absence, and for some days meowed and lamented, reclining on a big pin-cushion on the bureau, in which his cane, and sword, and soldier's cap, and picture-books, and gloves, and toys were deposited. Her play-mate was departed. No sudden and involuntary scratch brought back a feeling of remorse. There were those who mourned more for the child, (but let it not be said that a cat knows no sentiment of esteem or affection.) She inherits the grace and agility of the tigress, but under her soft fur there sometimes throbs the tenderness of a dove's heart.

TABITHA MALTA, however, in a few years became old and slovenly, too lazy to twist her neck to lick her back and keep her hair in decent order. Her whiskers were gray, her skin was matted with burrs, her conduct shy, while her head stretched out, and her tail streaking after in a long line, as she sneaked along the garden wall, had an air of mistrust, and showed that her designs were suspicious. She left the domestic hearth, and went to crawl under the barn, or to tumble about in the hay-mow, and at last returned no more. Her descendants were, however, so numerous as to be a nuisance; their noses were in every thing, from a dish of cream to a hasty-pudding; they pulled the turkey from the spit, and the beef-steak from the grid-iron; they were found sleeping in the centre of every soft bed in the house, and at last the decree went forth for the slaughter of the innocents. It was a defensive measure. Whoever is born with an antipathy to cats is unnatural, and not worthy to be trusted. Together with cows and chickens, they are the inalienable adjuncts of social life, and have been in all climes and all ages. Some species of animals have lived upon the earth, but have become obsolete. The bones of the mammoth alone remain to testify that his race has been. Tigers, lions, bears, and others are restricted to a few savage places. The elephant belongs to the Orient; the patient camel is made to toil in the sandy desert, and the buffalo roams in the western prairies. But the cat is known and cherished wherever humanity exists. She is in the huts of the Laplander, or of the savages of Patagonia; she is in the Indies, and in all the isles of the sea. Wherever Madame PFEIFFER has been,

there are cats. That they are reputed to have nine lives, may be referred to their adaptation to all circumstances. They are especially, however, the concomitants of civilized society. Their grace and beauty makes them the ornament of the hearth-rug, and a welcome guest in the parlor. There is, it is true, a limit to hospitality, as in the case just cited.

'But I want a cat at present, because the rats have sub-let my house, and threaten to tear it down over my head by their excess of riot. It is impossible to sleep at night for the squealing of their litters, and for their continual ranticumscout. They tear through the house like a regiment of heavy dragoons, while the fury of their onset, the showering down of loads of lime, and the thumping fall of lumps of plaster, might put one in mind of the siege of Sebastopol. 'They have their exits and their entrances' beneath the stone foundations, in the cellar, in the pantries, or in the garret. They are sometimes even met upon the stair-case, or are willing to show fight in the parlor. The other day a terrier-dog who was passing by the gate was so fortunate as to meet with one of these fellows, and, seizing him by the nape of the neck, shook him to death in less than no time, in the midst of great squealing and sputtering on the part of the defendant. There was much cachinnation from all who witnessed the proceeding, and great praise given to the dog. It reminded me of what I saw once when at college. It was summer, and I was sitting in an open window, studying EUCLID, when I beheld a monstrous rat creep from the foundations and tottle off, wagging his tail as he went in the direction of some apple-parings. A freshman who saw the proceeding, slipped a brick into the hole, tore off a limber stick from a bush, and proceeded after the vermin. His rat-ship returned to his excavation when, to his great rage and discomfiture, the place was stopped up; whereupon the student fell to and whipped him to death with a gusto. I think I never heard such squealing. It was equal to that of a half-grown pig.

'But I was speaking of my own household rats. If the census were taken, their colony must number some five hundred tails. Often in the middle of the night I am at a loss to determine whether robbers are breaking in, or whether spiritual-rappers are exercising their aerial knuckles. All varieties of noises are heard above and below, dull thumpings, boring of augers, and the fall of heavy articles. At last I decide that ratsbane is more needed than revolvers. 'Poison them!' whispers the voice of indignation. Those who venture on that experiment will at last come to a slow sense of what their interest consists in, when they begin to 'smell a rat.' There will be a dead silence in the walls for a time, but a dead smell also, and the memory of the departed will linger in a three weeks' perfume, even while the poisoner will be ready to write on the mausoleum of the pantry, 'I am sorry that I did it.' Indian-meal and arsenic is not a good diet for these vermin if they come back to die amidst the endearments of home. Yet a chance capture by a vigilant cat hardly seems to meet the evil. Steel-traps, toasted cheese, and contrivances of that kind, are set at nought by the superior instinct of these enemies. They are the cunningest of all creatures, and setting aside the oft-told tale of the rat and the oil-betty, a whole volume of anecdotes might be composed of their doings. But how to get rid of them! I have reflected much upon this.

'I am a-going to buy a pound of Scotch snuff and a few ounces of red pepper, and mix them together, we will say in the proportion of a pinch of the Maccaboy to a few grains of the K. N. Pepper. I will deposit the pile beneath the wainscot, in the hope that it will adhere to the feet and be tracked about and diffused by gentle draughts to all parts of the hollow walls, and to all secret recesses. It will

be 'kill or cure,' but not kill, I imagine. It may produce a painful ophthalmia, watery eyes, a sneezing cough, and no doubt a general influenza. There will be a universal rush to the fresh air to allay the sensations produced by these tickling agents, and an unwillingness to return to the hot atmosphere. Thus you will be able to extinguish the nuisance, and to *snuff* it out, while by communicating your information to your neighbors and to the people at large, you will gain a greater reputation than if you had been rat-catcher to a king. I am an 'ingenious creator,' and if the experiment comes up to my expectations, the public should in justice make me some compensation for the free and noble-hearted disclosure of the secret. From the Tobacconists in a body, I shall expect a gold snuff-box, in which the Common Council ought to deposit the freedom of the city, and I will drive the rats into a co-partnership with the moles, or into the under-ground sewers, where they will find food enough and be 'abundantly useful' in their day and generation. I will see you again on this matter.

F. W. S.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The following will explain itself without a 'Key.' There are 'hard rubs' in it, but they are well deserved:

'FIRST class in geography! — take your places. What is the lesson to-day?

'ANSWER: The chapter on Upper-ten-dom.

'QUESTION: Where is the seat of this empire?

'ANSWER: Its principal seat is a large island in New-York bay.

'QUESTION: What is the climate?

'ANSWER: Remarkable for cool airs.

'QUESTION: Surface of the island?

'ANSWER: Various.

'QUESTION: How inhabited?

'ANSWER: By SNOBS, chiefly.

'QUESTION: Who are they?

'ANSWER: They are the descendants of 'SNOBLING, the Large,' who founded the empire of Upper-ten-dom.

'QUESTION: How are they divided?

'ANSWER: By some writers they are divided into three classes.

'QUESTION: Name them.

'ANSWER: 'Codfish Aristocracy,' 'Guano Aristocracy,' and 'Patent-Medicine Aristocracy.'

'QUESTION: Are they distinguished for their intelligence?

'ANSWER: No.

'QUESTION: Are they deficient in any mental power?

'ANSWER: In memory; especially is this the case among those who inhabit the higher lands; and the deficiency is usually first apparent and most strongly marked upon a removal from the low lands.

'QUESTION: How shown?

'ANSWER: In the total forgetfulness of old friends and even relatives. Among snobs, parents forget children, and children (more frequently) will forget parents; brothers forget sisters, and sisters will forget brothers.

'QUESTION: To what is this owing?

'ANSWER: Probably to some peculiarity of the climate; and it is also sometimes increased or lessened by the tides in a stream called 'The Money-Market,' which flows through and enriches the island.

'QUESTION: What can you say of the low lands?

'ANSWER: They are considered unhealthy, and no snobs reside in them who can gain access to the table-lands.

'QUESTION: What trees or plants flourish in Upper-ten-dom?

'ANSWER: Ailanthus and mushrooms both grow well here.

'QUESTION: Can you say any thing of the government?

'ANSWER: It is despotic, and the laws are arbitrary; penalties consist in loss of caste, and exclusion from their 'best society.'

'QUESTION: What crimes are thus punished?

'ANSWER: Poverty, among all; among women, independent exertion.

'QUESTION: What are the principal occupations of snobs?

'ANSWER: The men dig and delve: the women dress.

'QUESTION: Quite correct. Are not the arts and sciences encouraged?

'ANSWER: Art is encouraged to a degree unknown elsewhere.

'QUESTION: What of their religion? What is the object of faith and worship?

'ANSWER: The Almighty Dollar. They also worship Fashion and Popularity.

'QUESTION: Are they devout?

'ANSWER: They are; honoring their deities with superstitious homage.

'QUESTION: Are snobs remarkable for longevity?

'ANSWER: They hope to live for ever in Upper-ten-dom.

'QUESTION: Does this empire, with its three classes of aristocracy, include all the inhabitants of the island?

'ANSWER: It does not, as there is a body of people quite independent of the snobs, divided into the aristocracy of True Worth, the aristocracy of Talent, and the aristocracy of Old Respectability. These differ from snobs in every respect, and though neighbors, residing on the same island, they are in fact entirely distinct from Upper-ten-dom, not being under its government nor controlled by its laws.

'TEACHER: Your lessons are quite perfect. Be seated.'

They are 'apt students' in that class! - - - ANOTHER welcome note from our fair correspondent, 'J. K. L.,' whose lively '*Letter from Chateaugueay Lake*' graced our last number: 'As there seems to be much excitement just at present on the subject of oysters, perhaps the accompanying '*Impromptu on a Dish of Oysters on the Shell*' may appropriately find a place in your pages:

'Do'n't talk to me of flowers,
Within their mossy dells,
They can't 'come up' to oysters
Upon their pearly shells!

'What is there half so beautiful,
What is there tastes so well
As a delicious oyster
Upon its pearly shell?

'They're 'just the thing' for supper,
They're 'just the thing' for lunch;
And then they're very much improved
By a nice, cool brandy-punch!

'I have roamed in foreign countries;
Of their beauties I can tell;
But I never saw the equal
Of these oysters on the shell!

'And should I die a sudden death,
Your grief I pray you quell;
And have it on my tomb-stone writ,
'Died of Oysters on the shell!'

Oysters are a 'good institution.' - - - THE pages of this Magazine have ever been opened to the Wronged and the Defenceless — to Genus and to Art. Who would have taken pity upon PANCKO, the colored poet of Oneida, or felt a sympathy with K. N. PEPPER, had not the KNICKERBOCKER come forward to comfort and defend each of these now eminent men? But we claim nothing: we could not *help* it. 'Sech is Genus,' and its influence. Nor shall 'JOHN LANDIS, Author and Artist, and Oriental Tourist,' of Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, fail to receive justice at our hands. No common man is LANDIS. What is your boasted, 'common-sense' to him? Does LANDIS ever *descend*? Never! Does he 'sink to *rise* again,' as the weaker poets express it? Not at all! LANDIS stands on a level of *his own*; and if he ever gets any lower, he must *dig* for it. He *feels* this; his reader *sees* that he feels it. LANDIS has been misused; and he has addressed a '*Letter to this Mighty Nation*,' an extract from which we herewith present to 'all readers in the Great Republic:'

'ON the principle of the Constitution granting 'all men to be free and equal,' justification, is conceded, addressing, and by precedence became my duty, to the attainment of privileges and obtainment of remuneration, for SERVICES, 10 years since, rendered and submitting, again, the previous Proposition of Compromise: to wit, acceptance of advance Money for works in the 'Divine Art of Painting;' National historical, Civil, or 'Marshall-field' departments; or, Full Payment for Original, Oil, Paintings, already Executed: in the last branch, WASHINGTON, in military accoutrement and 'tentied-field;' Sunlight, near meridian altitude, effect: with his white horse and groupe of subordinate Officers, intermediate to the encampment of his Army: 3 by 5 ft., sublime, very picturesque, glorious in colours: although of greater value to the *one*, bust-size, by Peal, for which the Nation paid \$3,000, to adorn the Senate Chamber with, at a similar Price, or more Liberal, if the Senate please. Or, a materially superior, in the principles and mysteries of the Fine Arts and higher National value: being the memorable engagement and last battle with our Trans-Atlantic competitors — entitled, 'The Battle of New Orleans,' which transpired on the 8th. proximo, thirty-six years ago. A generation and a few years have passed away in Foreign Amical Relations, which peaceful and friendly intercourse may be perpetuated by Just Legislation; hence my sanguine expectations of Patronage, at least, if not a Generous Appropriation. This chef d'œuvre Production, is the 3d of the subject, with revisions and additions: the 2d. being similar size and 1st. 14 by 22 ft., seamless, at an expense of \$53, with rent and incidental expenses while engaged upon it and to transport it to the National Capital: where I, previously, proceeded to, at the risk of my life, crossing the Susquehanna, during an ice flood, in mid winter, to procure the portrait of Gen. ADAIR, Senator from Kentucky; who was second in command and opposite whose division, the British commander fell and of whom no prints were published, like of Gen. JACKSON, the President; with whom I had an interview, at one of his levees, advantageous to represent him, from the best authority, extant, in this composition of the Polite Arts. At the Capital it was viewed by members of the Senate and others; although unfinished manifested the Triumph, on a surface too limited, yet too long for one of the niches, for which I intended it, should I have succeeded to the Patronage and it had been the proper size, nevertheless, I proposed to finish it, on canvas the dimensions of the appropriate place. Congress contemplated to select similar Topics to the Paintings there, then, by the late Trumbull, for \$32,000, and have since employed four different Artists, at \$10,000, to each: half, per custom on the whole earth, in hand, with the guarantee of the ballance when the Productions were completed. Three of which I saw, a few years since, in their destined places.

'Having been thus ample in dessiminations to display illucidations of events and accessory acts, in connection, I resume the communication further of my engagements on this Painting and appropriations of Money, when I had Funds in the two Banks, at the Capital of this Commonwealth, contiguous to which I am a native, hailing from the Cave Farm, on the banks of the 'Swatara and Susquehanna,' without including my time, upwards of \$300 were used on the three Paintings. The first has been mislaid in Philadelphia, second pledged at Tammany Hall, N. Y., while I was unwell there, for room rent and the third, with others and Box of Stereotype Plates, of my Treatise on Poetry and Painting, I left on Lake Erie; not having arrived the day of my departure, by railroad and burning of the Steamer Griffith, with the loss of 250 persons: for New-York City, where I received a letter on the subject, from Sandusky, O., apprising

me of having sent them to Buffalo, in compliance to my request, to which Office I wrote, accordingly and from whence I can, doubtless, procure the effects. The Painting is the most wonderful and valuable, being unequalled on the earth; in the Marshall-field of Painting: from the description of the signal event, by the late Maj. Eaton, under the auspices of the Chief Commander, while his private Secretary. 'In-keeping' with my promise and knowledge, being conversant with the Master Pieces of the former eras and the present, I pass the conclusion, to present it, should it paralleled, by any other, in the same department, in juxta position.

'European Sovereigns and wealthy Americans, need not procure the Services of copyists, to furnish duplicates, at 800 and £1000; in cases, bad ones, from indifferent originals: but extend Patronage to me, an Artist of indubitable Inspiration, by consequence, of Inspired Poems and Paintings, many of the latter being extant, and my Heroic Poem.'

We ask: 'Can it be doubted that Mr. LANDIS has been badly treated?' And a second natural question arises, *Is there real encouragement for 'High old Art and Literature' among us?* We raise our '*Pause for a Reply*,' at the hands of some considerate reader. - - - Of more than the usual merit of kindred productions is a '*Patriotic Poem delivered in Bridgewater, (Mass.) July Fourth, 1854*,' recently published by request. We take from it a single passage, which is but a fair example of the whole, and which evinces the true universal American spirit:

'On Saratoga's plains, by Mohawk's side,
Where noble Hudson pours his ample tide,
Where Horicon in quiet beauty sleeps,
All beauty mirrored in its clear blue deeps;
We see where KNICKERBOCKER's sons of yore
Bore their part nobly in the toils of war.
And o'er the lake, where rise the mountains green,
And far beyond, where summits white are seen,
We find the men whose fathers in that day
Shrunk not from peril, quailed not in the fray;
And, wise in council, dauntless in the strife,
Kept the dear pledge of honor, fortune, life.
And onward still, where forests, hills, and streams
Are haunted all by patriot memory's dreams;
Where Moosehead brightens to the glorious sun;
Where mighty rivers, forest-laden, run;
Where Oreads with Naiads deftly play
In the bright dance at Merry-Meeting Bay;
Then to the Gulf, coast-wise, or over-land,
Behold memorials all around you stand,
Of men and days never to be forgot,
And thank the GOODNESS that appoints man's lot
For such a land, for such an ancestry —
Richer than Ind — than royalty more high.

'No North, no South, no East, no West we know
When o'er the annals of the War we glow.
Of Bunker's hallowed height, where morning's rays
Gild the memorial of WARREN's praise,
Where parting day stays lingering to behold
The spot of which such glorious tales are told,
We love to think; of Bennington's bright stream
We trace the wanderings in historic dream;
And oft we muse of that portentous night
Whose morning saw the first fraternal fight,
When Lexington and Concord o'er their dead
The first stern tears for brave men murdered shed;
But, where the Old Dominion stretches wide,
On many a height, by many a river-side;
Where Carolina's fertile rice-fields lie;
Where the sweet cane waves graceful to the eye;
There too the well-fought fields demand our praise,
And show memorials of the fearful days

When all the land was vexed with war's alarms,
 And patriot virtue urged to deeds of arms.
 WAYNE's bare-foot legion, MARION's famished band,
 Gathered their laurels in that southward land;
 MOULTRIE, and LINCOLN, RUTLEDGE, SUMPTER, GATES,
 There did good service to the 'rising States';
 There gallant MERCER dwelt, and MORGAN's fame
 Was there achieved; GREENE brightened there his name;
 Thence sprang the CHIEF, whose name by all the rest
 Was honored, hallowed, and beloved, and blest.'

We like the unsectional nationality of these lines. - - - ALL we can say is, that the lady-preceptor of the Female-Academy who declined to receive '*My New Bonnet*' as a 'composition' at the hands of her pupil, made a very great mistake. We have read nothing more simple and natural in many a long day. Won't the lady-critic 'feel rather flat' to see it in the KNICKERBOCKER? 'Spect so:

'ONCE I was a little girl and lived away up in Vermont, where the sun does not make its appearance till nearly noon, and sets at three o'clock P.M., precisely. And the folks get very tall there, stretching up to try and see the sun rise. There I lived from infancy, with my good old grand-mother. I had hitherto never worn any thing better than a clean, highly-starched sun-bonnet on Sundays and holidays: but a new era was coming. Among our relations was my aunt MERTABLE, who had married quite above her station. Her husband was a flourishing shoe-maker, well to do in the world. He never mended shoes, or seldom, at least, and it was his boast that he had in his life-time made several pairs out of fine morocco leather; one for the blacksmith, TONY TUBB's wife. But it must be confessed that in the enumeration he could never account but for three pairs. Well, my aunt's husband's sister was a milliner, and used to let my aunt have things at cost. Uncle Jon was very indulgent; so she got many a dashing piece of finery, that almost killed the tinker's wife, and a respectable maiden lady by the name of GRIGGS, with envy.

'But I cannot stop now to tell you any particulars. Aunt HIRTY was a kind soul, and used to give us many of her smart things when she had got through with them. One day she gave grand-ma a dark bottle-green silk bonnet that she had worn only three winters and two summers, and told her to make it over for me, if it would not make me too proud. My dear old grand-mother took it to pieces, washed it, and dried it, and then dressed it over in cold coffee, and smoothed it out with a hot iron. Oh! how it did shine! She got JEMIMA PIMPINS to come and make it up; and when it was finished, and a great bow of pink ribbon put on the top, I clapped my hands and was almost wild with delight. Grand-ma pinned one of her best towels around it, and laid it away in the blue chest.

'The whole day I could think of nothing but the new bonnet; and many times did my little hands raise the heavy lid and take out the pins for a sly look. At tea, a longing to look at it seized me right in the middle of a piece of bread-and-butter; and I threw it down to run and take a peep; for what was bread and butter to me now I had a new bonnet! I viewed it over and over, and at last reluctantly re-placed it.

'The next day was Sunday. I had dreamed all night how envious the other girls would look out from their buff 'log-cabins' at me. When I was dressed, and grand-ma went to get out my new bonnet, she shrieked, for there was a great grease-spot on it. Oh! the agony of that moment! But she mutilated the beautiful bow upon the top, and, stretching out one end, pinned it close to the front shir, and I went to church. All the next week my new bonnet underwent a course of magnesia, which finally removed the spot, and the bow was replaced in its former glory. But I had suffered enough to teach me one good moral precept: 'Be careful how you handle a new bonnet.'

We know how to appreciate the 'agony' that grease-spot occasioned. Our first kite was broken once. 'Sech wo!' We shall never see the like

again.' - - - Isn't there something in this '*Opera-Music for the Piano*' that sounds like the very thing itself? It does to *our* ear — and it is a pretty long one:

'List! the piece is about to begin,
Now observe Miss INTRODUCTION come in;
A goddess in flounces, and pinched at the waist,
And a look like a statue, embellished with paste.

All the keys that can be got at,
By the fingers straight are shot at;
Then a soft and gentle tinkle,
Gentle as the rain-drop's sprinkle,
One, two, three, four,
Five, six — run ashore.

Then a stop,
Fingers drop.
Now a rush from top to bottom,
Catch the notes now, while we dot 'em;
Hear the music, for we've got 'em.
Backward, forward, up and down,
Like a monkey or a clown;
Now the close — a gentle strike,
Who did ever hear the like.

Piece commences:
Now begins a merry trill,
Like a cricket in a mill;
Now a short, uneasy motion,
Like a bed-bug at devotion;
Or a ripple on the ocean.
See the fingers skip about;
Hear the notes as they come out;
How they mingle in the tingle
Of the everlasting jingle;
Like the hail-stones on a shingle;
Or the ding-dong, dangle-dingle
Of a sheep-bell — double, single;
Now they come in wilder gushes;
Up and down the player rushes;
Quick as squirrels, or the thrushes,
Darting round among the bushes;
Making rattle, like the tushes
Of the swine, a-drinking slushes.
Now the keys begin to clatter,
Like a chorus on a platter;
Or a housemaid stirring batter;
Hear the music that they scatter,
Though 't is flat and growing flatter;
All is clatter, naught's the matter.
Hark! the strains, for now we're at her:
O'er the music comes a change,
Now we take another range;
Every tone is wild and strange.
Now there comes the lofty tumbling,
Comes the mumbling, fumbling, jumbling,
And the rumbling and the grumbling
Of the thunder, from its slumbering
Just awaking. Now it's taking
To the quaking, like a fever-and-ague shaking:
Now it's making such a raking,
Heads are aching, something's breaking.
Goodness! gracious! ain't it wondrous!
Rolling round, above, and under us,
Like old VULCAN's strokes so thunderous.
Now the rattle of the battle
Deepens deeper, and the cattle
Bellow louder, and the powder
Will be all expended soon.
Such a clanging, whanging, banging,

Slam! — bang! — whang!
 Heavens! how the music rang.
 Ah! the harmony so splendid
 Is expended, all is ended.
 Though I'm frightened, I'm delighted
 With this finery, and this foppery,
 Of the modern music opera.

M. S. H.

WANTED to rent, in the upper part of the city, west of Broadway, a three-story house, with basement, furnished, from the first of May until the first of November: the advertiser having business which renders it necessary that he should reside in town during the summer. Address 'M. P. Q.,' *Times* office. c.o.d.i.s.t.f.

'Don't you do it!' We know something about this, and we are going to impart it. We ought to have done it before. Seated in our sanctum, one pleasant morning, scribbling away 'for dear life,' (that is, for our own and our dear ones,) there 'enters us a man,' shown up by the faithful girl MARY, 'to see Mr. C——.' 'Good morning, Sir; be seated.' 'Thank you.' (A slight pause.) 'Pleasant morning, Sir.' 'Yes; the sky is clear, and the air is very salubrious. Yes.' (Another brief pause, in which we took occasion to remark that our visitor was very erect in person — 'in point of fact' he was so straight that he leaned over the other way — and that his eyes, which were of a watery, bulbous-blue, and without lashes, were wandering around the sanctum, and couldn't be held for a moment by its occupant's. 'A friend, Sir, has informed me, that you are contemplating spending the summer in the country, with your family, and that you had expressed to him your willingness to rent your house, furnished, until November or December.' We intimated that he had been rightly informed. 'Yes? Well, then, Sir, I should like to take your house for that term. It may seem singular that I should desire to take a furnished house for the *summer* months; but my reasons are imperative. I am building a house of my own in your part of the city, which I hope to have completed by the middle of September — at all events, by the last of October. One cannot always rely, you know, (with a smile of ineffable satire,) upon one's carpenter or one's mason.' We assented, by a nod. 'You do not *know* me. (We *didn't*!) My name is S——. My father was a Senator of the United States, from —— He died while in Congress.' We remarked that we knew his father, by reputation, as a man of eminent legal ability, and a thorough gentleman of the 'Old School' — and such indeed he was. Our visitor then informed us that it was his good fortune, when his father was in the Senate, to be present in that august body, when DANIEL WEBSTER, of whom he expressed the highest opinion — a circumstance which of itself exalted our future tenant greatly in our estimation — delivered his great speech in reply to HAYNE, of South-Carolina. Indeed, he gave us some imitations of WEBSTER's manner, on that occasion: but we have *since* thought, that *no* imitation could do justice to that great statesman's style of oratory! A desultory conversation ensued, touching upon current topics of the time; and at length we came to business; the result of which was, that he was to have the house, furnished, from the first of May to the first of November, for fifty-five dollars a month. The next day we drew up the lease, from the 'short form' between landlord and tenant — not thinking any *reference* ne-

cessary from a man whose father had died a *Senator of the United States* — an office far nobler than any 'Roman Senator' ever occupied — and who had himself heard the great debate between HAYNE and WEBSTER. The *next* morning he called, the papers were signed, sealed, and delivered; and when the first of May came, our tenant 'entered upon possession.' Would we could stop here. But we are compelled to go on. We removed into the country, to spend the summer months, leaving behind us all our household gods, save the few articles of furniture, books, etc., which we required in a *temporary sojourn out of town*. At the end of the second month, we thought it not amiss to send an order for the two monthly payments — one hundred and ten dollars. Our tenant immediately called upon our publisher and exhibited the 'first of exchange' of a draft from California, from a fabulous friend in that remote region, for five hundred dollars: when the 'second of exchange' arrived, our money should be forthcoming. *This* looked business-like: it was commercial: it was *finance*, between the Pacific and the Atlantic; and we rested content. Looking back upon it even now, we think there was something of pride in being the *principal* in so extended a transaction. 'Sech is commerce!' However, the 'second of exchange' never came. In fact, this 'was the *last* of it.' Meantime, as we were ruminating town-ward, it being autumn, we called on several occasions at 'our house,' to see the occupant; but he 'could not be seen;' he had 'just gone out;' he was '*down town*;' he was '*out of town*;' he was 'ill;' and the like. And once, when a little weazen-faced old man opened the door about three inches — *our door*, where the 'gudewife' and the 'wee folk' had so often met us, when we came up from down-town — we *saw* him sneaking up the stairs, the tail of his faded morning-gown disappearing around a turn of the bannister; and yet he was 'not in.' But finally we *did* meet him. He was erect as a statue. He had been '*very sick*.' Rheumatism was his complaint. He could n't *move* at one time, so intense was the pain. He was obliged to keep his room. 'Yes, but my dear Sir, how about that rent? — the California drafts? We trusted to your honor; relied upon you, from the reputation of your family; and are *still* unwilling to believe that you are the degenerate son of a worthy sire.' 'Circumstances, Sir, beyond my control, have *caused the discrepancy to which you allude*.' The very words, as we are a Christian man! '*Allude!*' This opened the eyes of confirmed SUSPICION! 'In one week, Sir, from this time, you shall have all that I owe you. You do not *know* me, Sir, or you would not doubt me. I *am* not what I *seem*.' And he *was n't*. For, 'look you what befel': A week after, he called at the office, gave us a ten-days' draft upon a bank in a neighboring city, for his indebtedness to us, which was sent on for collection, and returned with an indorsement of '*nil*,' which explains what he said in reply to a question which we asked him when he gave it to us: 'This will be paid? — this will be the last of it?' '*Certainly*, Sir, this will be the *last* of it, so far as *you* are concerned.' Ha! ha! — we are almost inclined to laugh the laugh that one man gives to another, when, on a rainy day in Broadway, his friend suddenly claims the umbrella which he had previously loaned him: 'Ged-blez-me-zoul! — is that *yours*? I'd forgotten it entirely! Ho! ho! ho! — ha! ha! — a-h! He 'stands and delivers' the

borrowed article, and passes on in the drizzle, with a 'smile on the other side of his mouth.' Well, suffice it to say that we returned to town. Our house was vacant. It was more—it was locked up. The *key* was gone, moreover, and had been left—nowhere. Our good landlord for six years, our next-door neighbor, knew nothing of it. So we entered *his* house, and crawled out of a second-story window, and passing along the roof of our back-piazza, broke into our own domicile. 'Good Evinks!' what a sight! There was not a speck of dirt so big as the head of a pin when we left the house; and *now!*—— but 'what's the use of talking?' What we had lost in the rent was *nothing* compared with what we were soon to know. In the course of one week we discovered the following 'escapes': an oil-painting of JENNY DEANS; another by PAGE, 'The Serenade'; a third, painted in Scotland, 'Dryburgh Abbey'; twelve volumes of 'LOGE's Portraits,' profusely illustrated with most exquisite engravings; eight yards of black satin; two gold rings, mementos of departed friends; a splendid copy of HARPER's Pictorial Family BIBLE; a fine copy of the large illustrated BIBLE issued by the publisher of this Magazine; with other articles, equally cherished; one especially, which we 'lamented with many tears.' It was a most elegant cane, made from the *authentic* wood of 'Old Ironsides,' mounted superbly in chased gold, a present from our esteemed friend, Alderman MABIE, former captain of the steamer 'ERIE,' on the Hudson—an AMERICAN, heart and soul (there's a good many of that kind 'around' about these days!)—and as true a man as ever breathed. Yes, *that* was gone too; and all that we had to fall back upon was the remembrance of the pleasant surprise which accompanied its presentation. Our family-record was in the large BIBLE, which 'made it bad,' because now we don't know how many children we have, nor how old they are! Nor was this all. We hadn't been long returned before our tenant's bills poured in upon the house, from all the neighborhood round about. He had paid no body a cent. One lucky grocer should be excepted, who crowded past the custodian at the door, with a basket, and picked all the abundant grapes from vines in the rear, amounting to a couple of bushels. Well, never mind. The 'Senator's son' has vanished; and all we can do is, to warn people not to be as green as *we* were. Trust no man, however smooth his demeanor, on the strength of the respectability of his connections. - - - 'COLONEL PIPES, of Pipesville,' holds the pen of a ready writer. He is sketching, in the columns of a lively and well-edited daily journal, the '*California Chronicle*' of San Francisco, some of '*The Old Familiar Faces*' he was wont to encounter about Gotham. We subjoin a brief extract. He has encountered in the streets an old friend, whom he had not met for fourteen years:

'Tom had been to sea; first a-whaling, then in the merchant service, after that tried the navy—gave it all up in disgust, and turned his attention to the ministry! This last staggered me, and I could not restrain a smile. I had not noticed until then his *white neck-cloth!* Time works wonders! Still it was the *same Tom*; and even with this announcement the recollection of the many pleasant nights we had had together in the 'old Park Pit' came vividly to me. The 'old familiar faces' of the players—JOHN FISHER, MRS. VERNON, ABBOTT, GANN, SIMPSON, BLAKE, and HAMBLIN were again present. Then the cozy little suppers at '*Ned Windust's*, (the 'Shakspeare,') and the nice

wind-up of a 'warm toddy,' that tickled our palates so — all I seemed again to enjoy in this most grateful meeting. But they have passed away, the 'old familiar faces!' and the older I get, the more indifferent do I become to new scenes, associations, and friendships. Give me an 'old friend!' Why, my worthy reader, though I know not whether in this you will sympathize with me, I have felt a thrill of pleasure in looking at an old 'sign!' when last summer, in Gotham, I passed through a street which seventeen years ago I had traversed daily, winter and summer. For the moment I invested it with animate life, and it seemed to look with perfect contempt and indifference at the gaudy and ostentatious lettering of its gilded neighbors. Age had rendered its coat somewhat threadbare, the eyes were dim, the summer sun had played upon it, and in its day dazzled the eye of the passer-by with its bright colors; and often the snows of winter had rested on its frame. Still it appeared to me unchanged. It was a reminiscence of the past. We — the 'sign' and I — seemed mutually to nod and mutter to each other, 'You're getting along in years, old fellow!' and then we parted — as I do now with Tom. But I shall long cherish the meeting with one of the 'old familiar faces.'

Our friend and correspondent, HEW AINSLIE, thus replies to the poetical epistle of his brother-songster, the 'PEASANT BARD':

'To the Peasant Bard:

'DEAR BRITHER BARD:

'Through knacky KNICK, no 'NICKIE BEN,
But KNICK, a *man* 'mang manly men,
I gat your braw epistle;
An' though then streekit on my back
Wi' pains, the gift o' rail-road track,
It gart my spirit bristle.
Wae worth your iron roads! I say,
Gi'e me the roads 'creatit';
Then, if we're coupit in the clay,
We're only wat or clatit;
An' then, Sir — I ken, Sir,
Ye've seen't as weel as I —
A rubbing, or scrubbing,
Soon makes us clean an' dry.

'O man! ware we noo, hand in hand,
Rampaging it owre auld Scotland —
To whilk ye own a 'tether' —
I'd lead ye, far frae *iron* ways,
To where I spent my *gouden* days
Among the blooming heather.
Then by the banks o' 'Bonny Doon,'
Or eke by 'Hermit Ayr,'
We'd rove, when laverocks were in tune,
'Mang blossoms rich and rare.
Syne fired, inspired,
We'd no be dummies lang;
But proudly an' loudly
We'd raise a ranting sang.

'Ay, that would be 'a random splore,'
But on the lee side o' three-score
A limping too, an' frail,
The wish is but a 'bonny fiction.'
What then? We're tauld poetic diction
Is aft as gude 's the real.
But it's nae poetry to say
'Twould make me gay an' glad
To hae wi' thee a night or twae,
My gallant Yankee blade,
For cheering an' clearing
To dull un' cloudy brain
Are greetings an' meetings
Wi' spirits like our ain.

'I've had before an antran roose,
To waken up my winkin' muse
An' gar me rhyme a rant;
But ne'er frae aye, wha never strade
Brown heather in a hielan' plaid,
Had I sae brave a chant.
And had I 'routh o' rhymes' an' lair,
To pay your bardship back,
Ye'd get the daintiest o' my ware,
The pick o' a' my pack.
But dumpish an' lumpish
I quat this 'rhyming blether,'
Wi' wishing ilk blessing
May fa' my rhyming Brither.

'HEW AINSLIE.'

When is 'HEW's book coming? - - - The following,' writes a Pittsburgh correspondent, 'may be relied upon: A lady of this city mourns a husband, lost on the ill-fated 'Arctic.' Some time before the news arrived of the disaster, and about the time she expected his return, (indeed she had received notice that he would probably arrive on the very day the circumstance occurred which I am about to relate,) while she was sitting in her

room, alone, a friend called, and found her in a state of extreme agitation. Upon inquiring the cause, she stated that, just a moment before, while she was sitting, thinking of her husband, perfectly conscious of all around her, the door opened, and he appeared before her, with coat and hat off, bending over slightly toward the floor, as he walked toward her, while the water streamed down his shoulders and arms, dripping off his finger-ends upon the floor. Just as she was about to question him, he left the room, and a moment after the person alluded to above came in. The visitor rallied her upon her fears, and succeeded in partially quieting her mind. The incident was related to the writer a day or two afterward, but had been partially forgotten, until the dreadful tidings brought it fearfully vivid to my mind. Alas! for that poor widow! - - - If there is any thing that we *do* like, it is good stationery; and if those who are of our way of thinking will step into the extensive establishment of Messrs. AMES, HERRICK, AND BARNES, Seventy-Eight John-street, they can 'realize their expectations.' This popular firm have just received the agency, and have the entire control of that very beautiful series of writing papers known as the '*Kent Mills*.' This series embraces more than fifty different styles, comprising Notes, Letter, Commercial Post, Packet Post, Foolscap, and Folio Post, and also the various styles of the '*Congress Papers*.' In point of finish and color, it is unsurpassed by any other paper in this country. It is put up in fine enamel wrappers, and is sold at wholesale only. The same firm have a superb stock of imported stationery, from the very best manufactories in Europe. It makes one's eyes 'grow big' merely to look at it. Even if you do not buy, it is 'a sight to see.' - - - We publish the following letter as an act of strict justice, which no one, aggrieved at any thing found in our pages, ever asked at our hands in vain. On the sixteenth page of our last July number will be found the subjoined specimen-stanza of an alleged poem, quoted in an article entitled '*Shaksperean Readings*.'

'WHENAIR I take my little Bark
And sal itt on lifes Stormy oshun
Its sals are torn Buy evry gal,
Beyond all sort of noshun.
But when I leave thee chilling water,
And two the genial Port I come
I rest sea cured in the safe Buzum
Of my deliteful Home!'

It is to this which our California correspondent alludes, in the letter below: and we have no hesitation in saying, that any alteration in spelling, in order to make a poet appear 'riddiculous,' is manifestly wrong. It is always proper to permit a writer to 'speak for himself,' as we do in the subjoined, without the alteration of a single word, or the slightest change of orthography or punctuation. This is, 'in point of fact,' the *only* way that a conscientious editor should 'purshue.'

'MR. CLARK:

'San Francisco California September the 10th 1854.

'DEAR SIR: Wile on a visit to this place from Grass Valley Nevada County My friend Mr. LECOUNT AND STRONG loaned me a Copy of your paper dated July New-York which I find a peace without blaming you for it at all is called Shaksperean read-

ings and is as I must call it a Lying peace persuming that I am the *Person* referred to as having given some Poetry to a College Student from Cambridge Many years ago, which I Recongnise it although speld in such a manor as to make Me apear riddiculous I shall give you the facts dear Sir with regard to this Person which will sattisfy your honorable mind that He is of very little account, While tending for Messrs. ROLLINS & PEABODY store in Methuen Mass a few* years ago it was in the winter three rowdy students from Cambridge come over and stopt at Mr. HOLTS hotel and advertise for a lecture to be given that evening in the Basement of the Congregational Church I was in the habit of writing some lines in those days for the Boston Mercantile Journal and remember to have showed some peaces of mine to one of these persons *who got quite drunk* in the afternoon and as to the lecture No one attended to it the doorkeeper having a bill of nine shillings \$1.50, *which never was paid* nor yet the lighting of the vestry and making fires, Dear Sir these students got a room at HOLTS and had supper and milk punch and sung *such nasty songs* and made so much nose that me and some other young men I was only 17 yrs went and requested them to dessist and so did HOLT, and when they went away they confessed to HOLT they had but one dollar 75 cents to pay there Bill which was some five dollars odd, and want him to take their Note for Balance wich he declined and kept one of their over coats wich was sent for by the stage nely three weeks afterwards with am't of Bill as Rendered but *37½ cents short*, When they came out of the tavern quite drunk they give some of us some cheek and I do Asure you ware handled pretty rough I knockd the big one him I dessay that wrote that peace down myself and several times kickd him on that part wich it would be polite to term his Finis wile the others was tripd up and Muzled in the Snow till they were glad to hollow for Help and drove off the little one *crying like a Baby* and never care much about Coming back to Methuen again I Believe This is the *true* Facts in this case And I felt it a Duty to write this to you for I hate to see a Honest man as I persume you are No Doubt deceaved by a misable *Snobb* from Colege who no Doubt at this distance of time is probably some Petifoging Lawyer and writes these Remisces of Lies *for money* in the papers ridiculing better men *who do not pretend to be Poets* because they Cant get any Poor Man to impose upon by the Law. Dear Sir I am now I thank god Above all this Persons attacks having a large Store at Grass valley with three clerks wom I Pay each \$250 pr mo, and can refer to any body hear for instanse Mr LECOURT & STRONG for my standing and was run last September was a year for County Judge and would have been Elected but Being a strong Whig *many* of my *Personal Friends* could not vote for Me and was only beaten by 37 a very small Majority I persume you will correct the Mistatement of your Coteemporary in your valuable paper which I never see before but think It is an *Excellent Sheet* and May subscribe to it though much Prefer Weekly or Daily Papers, Should been Happy to sent you the Real version of the peace so riddiculously cut up by that *Person* But laps of Time has caused it to Be Mislaid and have paid *No Attention* to the muse lately. Hoping to Hear shortly in reply I remain

‘Yours truly

WILLIAM T. FOX.

‘P. S. I Have not signed last name with real Name exactly, but will send you Real name and Card of Store if desired, but suppose its a Matter of no Importance to you.

‘W. T. F.’

Mr. Fox's spelling is *unique*! - - - ‘YOUNG KNICK’ got off a good thing the other afternoon. It was down in the kitchen. ‘MAGGIE,’ the cook, was ‘basting’ the ‘first turkey of the season,’ as, ‘suspended by a chain of richly-wrought gold,’ (G. P. R. JAMES,) it slowly revolved before the burning white-heart walnut and red-maple coals of the big fire-place — *the way*, ‘*by the way*,’ and the only *true* way, of cooking that inconvenient bird, which ‘is a little too much for *one*, and not enough for *two*.’ ‘Why is that turkey,’ asked the juvenile, ‘like Grandfather?’ — a well-known benevolent

* THAT one word, thus written, sent MUNROE EDWARDS to the State-prison.

philanthropist of our metropolis, who is always seeking occasion to be of service to his fellow-men. In compliance with the directions of GEORGE CHRISTY, we 'agitated our intellec's,' and 'threw oursef 'pon de subjec'; but we were 'faulty,' for this was the solution: 'Cause that turkey is all the while going around, 'doing' *good*!' We went up stairs with a paternal chuckle, to put the sally down, afraid almost to ask whether it had really sprung from the occasion; but still with a strong belief that if any 'pumpkins' were extant, when that lad arrived at years of discretion, he would be at least 'some' of 'em. - - - THERE is something remarkably bold and clever in the '*Fable for Rechabites*,' from a correspondent in Georgia; but we think the 'argument' in favor of toddy is put somewhat *too* strong, when it assumes that our liberties were won by it in the Revolution! The 'Fable' is in the dramatic form, and the '*dramatis personæ*' are an 'OLD REVOLUTIONER,' with a glass of 'half-and-half,' or 'black-strap,' in his hand, and a 'CHORUS of TEETOTALLERS,' holding glasses of 'milk-and-water, hot.' 'OLD REVOLUTIONER,' *loquitur*:

'GEORGE WASHINGTON in 'Seventy-Six
Was General in the army,
And by the bivouac-fire at night,
When winds blew cold and stormy,
He, LEE, and WAYNE, and General Put.,
And others of like metal,
Were wont to brew a drop or two
Of punch in the camp-kettle.'

Then ensues the 'CHORUS of TEETOTALLERS,' chaunted sarcastically, and accompanied by 'pantomimic demonstrations of unqualified disgust.' This chorus, it may be understood, without repeating it, follows each verse of the 'OLD REVOLUTIONER's song:

'But those were sad, benighted days,
And greatly over-rated;
Ere HAWKINS lectured, Gough got 'blue,'
Or NEAL Dow legislated.'

The 'OLD REVOLUTIONER,' '*con spirito*' — that is, with a swig of his half-and-half — goes on, without much regard to the choral remonstrants:

CON SPIRITO.

'One Christmas-eve, in 'Seventy-Six,
They served us out our rations,
With goodly share of rum to each,
And marched us at the Hessians:
The icy wind blew cold and keen,
But well the grog resisted;
We ne'er had crossed the Delaware,
Had not the grog assisted.

CON EXPRESSIONE.

'At Valley-Forge, one bitter night,
When I was worn with fever,
My comrades roused me from my sleep,
Lest I should sleep for ever;
They poured a bumper down my throat,
Drawn from a barrel, handy:
I ne'er had seen the sun again,
An' 't were not for the brandy.

AFFETUOSO.

'I KNOW that I'm a 'fond old man,'
 And much behind the era,
 Bred in the wicked days when men
 Drank Sherry and Madeira;
 And yet I know not that the men
 Who live on milk-and-water
 Are lustier than we who won
 Red Monmouth's field of slaughter.

PENSEROSO.

'Now here's my dandy grandson, who
 The pledge signed in his cradle,
 At twenty-one he's scarce the strength
 To flourish a punch-ladle:
 I used to work from dawn till dark,
 The coldest days in winter,
 And then be ready for a dance,
 By light of pine-wood splinter.

PIANISSIMO.

'OUR dandy preachers now-a-days
 Oft wipe their tearful faces,
 When on Intemperance they spout,
 With rhetoric's studied graces;
 But in my youth, I mind me well,
 Our grave and good old pastor
 Ne'er thought a sober, social glass
 A sin against his MASTER.

STACCATO.

'Ah! well! no doubt you're right, my boys,
 And we were woeful sinners;
 But haply had we been like you,
 You at your temperance-dinners
 Would have to drink, with three times three,
 In bowls of milk-and-water,
 Instead of 'General FRANKLIN PIERCE,'
 'The health of KENT's fair daughter.'

It is true that General WASHINGTON *was* in the habit of occasionally taking a glass of punch. We saw last week, at his old 'Head-Quarters' House, at Tappaan-Town, the bowl in which he often made it, and a venerable lady, whose elder sister had often tasted of his brewing from his own hands. That he always carried with him various kinds of wines, is also shown by the decanters and their contents, which may yet be seen in his camp-chest at the Patent-Office, Washington. But even in *those* days all men were not WASHINGTONS, for *he* never knew excess: still, intemperance was far from being a common vice; how *very* far from being the gigantic evil that it is now! It is an evil *now*, however, that, great as it is, 'Intemperate Temperance' will rather serve to enhance than to eradicate. - - - Is it not a positive fact that there *are* some people who have no idea of a sublime thought, or noble expression, or the slightest perception of humor? Of the latter class was the man who asked, in reply to a remark, that 'he wouldn't take a joke, if it were shot from a cannon,' 'How *can* you shoot a joke out of a cannon? I should say that *that* was wholly impossible!' And a remarkable example of the former was the kindred personage who was heard recently to say, in relation to the sublime exclamation of a departed American statesman: 'That was a good thing old WEBSTER got

off, just before he died, was n't it?' 'What was *that*?' asked a by-stander. 'Why, just before he give up, he kinder woke, as if he had been asleep, and says he, '*I aint dead yet!*' It was first-rate, and made a good deal of talk!' Was n't *there* a genius? - - - We clip the following from the '*Home Journal*,' well pleased to have an opportunity of extending Mr. Disbrow's reputation. He is the most accomplished riding-master in this country, and his new establishment is unsurpassed. He is a 'good physician' too; for the 'exercises' which are 'practised' at his school brought health in six weeks to one of our own family circle which had bid fair to become seriously impaired: 'On Thursday evening, the second of November, there was a pleasant sight at Mr. Disbrow's new riding academy, in Fifth avenue, corner of Thirty-ninth street. A brilliantly-lighted building and sounds of music greeted us, as we paid our respects to the affable proprietor, so long known in this community as an accomplished riding-master. A few friends had been invited to meet for an evening's enjoyment in horsemanship, and to participate in a festival inaugurating the season, which began on the fourth, when this sumptuous establishment was opened to the public. The scene was very gay and happy, when a score or more of ladies and gentlemen, on fine ponies, were contending for the lead in the magnificent ring. There was some beautiful riding, which bore witness to Mr. Disbrow's skill in teaching this elegant and truly valuable accomplishment. We hope so much and so commendable an enterprise will be repaid, in patronage, to the public-spirited proprietor, at the same time that our Fifth-avenue and other friends are cultivating a most praiseworthy and noble accomplishment, mitigating by it the disastrous consequences of the in-door habit which constitutes, to our reproach, a most ill-omened peculiarity in the life of American women.' Good advice, which will be widely followed. - - - 'THERE dwelt for many years,' writes a Pittsburgh friend, 'in this sable city, a person known to every inhabitant, who had, in a long life-time of grinding the poor, accumulated immense wealth. His reputation for close-fistedness was wide-spread, and no man could lay his hand upon his heart and say he ever knew of a generous impulse having actuated 'Old SKINFLINT.' His attenuated but bent figure, clothed in rusty black, attracted a remark at all times from those who observed him as he pursued the 'even tenor of his way,' looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but directly at the ground, over which he seemed, to meditate as he swiftly trod the paths of *honest meanness*. Speculation was constantly at work imagining the contents of his dingy hat, in which it was known he carried most of his 'documents,' to be used in a day's business. Landlord's warrants for rent, promissory notes, etc., each was suggested, and all were probable enough. But he heeded not all these. He lived for himself and within himself, sympathizing only with old mother Earth, toward which he always seemed to yearn most affectionately. One bright day last spring, DEATH, the inexorable, demanded his carcase, and it was found that he had died worth nearly a million. But the cause of his death! 'What could it have been?' was in every body's mouth. 'Ah! Mr. B——!' says one; 'Old H—— is gone at last.' 'No! you astonish me! What was the matter?' 'Well, it is hard to tell. It is

known, though, that he yesterday relented toward a beggar who had impertuned him every day for twenty years, gave him sixpence, and took to his bed immediately. Doctor C — thinks it must have been '*enlargement of the heart!*' - - - For several years past, in our transient sojourn, for the summer, in the country, when we come to town for a night, we never 'put up' in the metropolis. The doors of 'many mansions,' of kind and hospitable friends, are open to us; but na'theless, when we have done with our business in town, we betake us invariably to the *Atlantic Hotel at Hoboken*. Quiet, clean, with matchless beds, and a *cuisine* unpretending yet unsurpassed, and a host, 'Captain BARKER,' of the school of HEAD, of Philadelphia; CRITTENDEN, of Albany; BUNKER, of the old 'Mansion-House;' COLEMAN or STETSON, of the 'ASTOR;' BLOSSOM, of Canandaigua; or good old 'PHIL RUST,' of Syracuse; a lover of fishing, a devotee of yacht-sailing; a sedate man at times, but a *gentleman* always; to whom, when in the mood, you can talk as with a friend, but who, like a sensible man, doesn't wish at all times to talk with every body: to BARKER's we go. A more *home-like* place we never encountered. There is a 'RAY' of welcome that shines upon us always as we enter, and to cheer our almost unwilling departure. It must have been *such* a place that GOLDSMITH (or JOHNSON, which was it?) said, his 'warmest welcome' was. - - - 'LITTLE KATE C —' writes a 'children's correspondent,' is not yet five years old. She lost her mother when only two and a half years old. Last April her father brought home his second wife, a Scotch woman, some few years older than his first wife. It was in the evening, before the lamps were lighted, when he came into the room where the children were. KATE noticed that her father did not come alone, and she asked: 'Father, who is this you have got with you?' 'Your mother, KATE.' 'Oh! where have you been so long? What have you been doing? Do you do any thing in heaven but sing God's praise? Get a light; let me see you. Turn around and let me look at you. Oh! how you have changed! You don't look as you did when you was here before; you used to look better. What has changed you so? Have you been under the ground? I prayed to God to take me to heaven, where my dear mother was, but he has sent you down to me. What makes you talk so Irish? You did n't use to talk so!' - - - 'EVERY body hereabout, in our neighborhood,' writes a friendly correspondent, 'knew old black PERRY, the best-natured and honestest old negro you could find among a thousand. Only one incident ever transpired to mar his honesty, and that is one 'too good to be lost.' It was a very hard winter here in H —. Marketing was very high, and poor old PERRY's vocation (that of hauling water from the river) was not in season, and he had 'hard scratching' to get along. Old M — W — was then the proprietor of our principal hotel, and here it was that PERRY managed to get a day's work now and then. As I have said, marketing was high, and the old negro having access to the larder of the hotel one day, took a pound of butter, wrapped it in his handkerchief, and put it in his hat. Suspecting the same, M — W — called PERRY into the house, and handed him a chair immediately aside of a hot stove. Here he kept him, busily talking together, till the butter in PERRY's

hat felt the influence of the heat, and commenced running down his face. He tried to move away, but old M—— kept him in the corner, remarking, in an ironical manner, 'Getting hot, PERRY, eh? — sweat coming? — 'twill do you good, old fellow.' After a while, when the butter was melting down PERRY's face pretty freely, he inquired whether there was not something else than perspiration rolling down his forehead! PERRY jumped up and made for the door, but M—— intercepted him, at which the former, finding he was discovered, fell on his knees imploringly. 'O Lor! Mr. MATHEW, do just forgive me dis once, dis once, Mr. MATHEW; don't take me to the 'seven-steps!' (our jail then went by that appellation.) After promising every thing good, M—— let him go. Ever after, old PERRY remembered the maxim, 'Honesty is the best policy;' and until his dying day, the old negro would almost turn white at the question, 'What's butter?'" - - - THE NOVEMBER number of '*Putnam's Monthly*' contained an able article upon '*American Wines*,' by FREDERICK S. COZZENS, Esq., which will be continued and concluded in the number for December. It is full of important, striking facts, which will arrest the attention of every reader. We shall notice the paper at length when it shall have been completed. - - - A SCHOOLMASTER in Cornwall, (England,) advertising his establishment, says: 'Every boarder must be supplied with a BIBLE, a prayer-book, a knife and fork, three towels, and a silver dessert-spoon; all of which, *except the books*, become the proprietor's perquisite on the pupil's quitting school.' The conscientious pedagogue seems to think that the BIBLE and prayer-book may be well for the pupil: *he* prefers, however, the steel and the silver! - - - THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST, by ARRY SCHEFFER, is now on exhibition at the rooms of MESSRS. GOUPIL AND COMPANY, Number Three Hundred and Sixty-six Broadway. The subject is the illustration of the passage where the DEVIL takes the SAVIOUR up into a high mountain, and offers him all the kingdoms of the world if he will fall down and worship him. It is a wonderful work of art, and has attracted great admiration. - - - 'MILE-STONES IN OUR LIFE'S JOURNEY' is the beautiful title of a most admirable volume, by REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD. We read it entirely through, with deep interest and profit, on a recent rainy Sunday, and shall endeavor to render it more adequate justice in our next number. The following is a synopsis of the different divisions of the 'journey': 'Companions by the Way,' 'God's Blessing on the Journey,' 'Childhood,' 'The Song that Never Tires,' 'Youth,' 'The True Fire,' 'Manhood and its Business,' 'Losses and Anxieties,' 'The True Rest,' 'Middle-Age,' 'Cloud and Fire,' 'Old Age.' A charming book. - - - RIGHT in our immediate neighborhood, in the superb building of the MESSRS. APPLETON, is the '*New-York School of Accounts*,' by MESSRS. FOSTER, DIXON AND COMPANY, accountants and commercial teachers. Their superiors in book-keeping, penmanship, card-writing, etc., cannot be found in this Union. It is a substantial, reliable firm, and the various instruction they impart is of the most thorough character. - - - 'THE TWINS,' by EDWIN LANDSEER, a painting such as *he alone* can paint, has been exhibited to the public by MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND STEVENS, at their beautiful establishment in Broadway.

Brief Notices of New Publications.


'THE REPUBLICAN COURT OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.'—Pending an elaborate review of this superb gift-book, which we have prepared for our January number, we present the annexed brief notice from a contemporary. Nothing like this work has ever before appeared in America. It must command an immense sale:

'THE most splendid volume ever issued from the press of this country, is the national souvenir for the present season, *The Republican Court, or American Society in the Days of Washington*, by RUFUS W. GRISWOLD. It presents a view of the higher social life of the United States, from the close of the Revolution to the end of WASHINGTON's administration, in 1797; and in its four or five hundred ample quarto pages, we have in succession the leaders of society—the men and women of fashion, the belles, and dames, and dignified public characters of that period, as they appeared at the levees, in the drawing-rooms, and in domestic circles. The character of this magnificent production is in a degree indicated in a dedicatory letter to Dr. FRANCIS, in which Dr. GRISWOLD observes: 'The subjects treated undoubtedly admitted of easy and striking embellishments of fancy, but it seemed to me that the volume would be upon the whole, far more acceptable if, in its preparation, I confined myself, in even the most trivial details of narrative, delineation, and suggestion, to what was clearly warranted by unquestionable authorities. And of such authorities, fortunately, I have had an ample collection. Beside those which are printed and accessible to every student of American history, I have had in my possession more than two thousand unpublished private letters, of which some three hundred were by WASHINGTON, and great numbers by Mrs. ADAMS, Mrs. JAY, Mrs. CUSHING, Mrs. PINCKNEY, the families of WOLCOTT, McKEAN, LIVINGSTON, BOUNDINOT, WILLING, and others who participated in the life I have attempted to describe.' The illustrations of the work, consisting of twenty-one portraits, engraved by the first artists of the day, make us acquainted with several of the celebrated beauties of the last century. Among these are Mrs. WASHINGTON, Mrs. HAMILTON, Mrs. ADAMS, Mrs. EATON, (daughter of CHARLES CARROLL, of Carrollton, and mother of the late DUCHESS OF LEEDS, the MARCHIONESS OF WELLESLEY, etc.), Mrs. MADISON, Mrs. JAY, Mrs. KING, Mrs. RANDOLPH, (daughter of THOMAS JEFFERSON,) the Countess D'YRUJO, (daughter of Governor McKEAN of Pennsylvania,) Mrs. SEDGWICK, (mother of the eminent authoress,) Madame GENET, the daughter of Governor GEORGE CLINTON,) and Mrs. BINGHAM, who, from her great wealth and high connections, was at the head of our fashionable world.'

'AFRAJA; OR, LIFE AND LOVE IN NORWAY,' is the title of a work translated from the German of THEODORE MUEGGE, by EDWARD JAY MORRIS, of Philadelphia. A new page of romance, so far as American readers are concerned, is shown in this remarkable book. It is the oppressive march of the superior race, the Norman, treading down in its remorseless progress the unfortunate Lapps. Blond maidens and dark-eyed, jetty-haired young witches, a chivalrous Dane, ruthless Norman traders, the grand old sorcerer-king AFRAJA, love, quarrel, oppress, or suffer throughout the two volumes. The scene is laid on the blue, yacht-covered fjords, or among the frozen flocs, or the caverns and shattered crags of the wild Norland; and we have seen no book of so high a literary merit, so filled with weird, wonderful romance, which, while it pervades the whole work, takes nothing from the perfect *humanness* of the characters. Whoever reads 'AFRAJA' will get greater pleasure and instruction from it than are necessary to repay him for his outlay of money and time. The mechanical execution of the book is good. The publishers are LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON, Philadelphia.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN LANDSCAPE, is the title of a very handsome gift volume from the press of MESSRS. LEAVITT AND ALLEN, Dey-street. It contains sixteen large engravings on steel, with which is interwoven a running story or narrative, very pleasantly written by our friend, T. ADDISON RICHARDS, the painter, who has also furnished many of the illustrations. It is an elegant, and will prove a popular book.

BARNUM'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.—The indications are, that this book, concerning which so much has been said of late, is likely to have a wider sale than any work ever published in this country. The orders from booksellers and travelling agents for it have reached the extraordinary number of *ninety odd thousand* copies. The orders received by each mail vary from six hundred to three thousand, verging more frequently upon the latter than the former; and all this without the slightest prospect of abatement.

 Five pages of small type, including book-notices, 'Gossip,' etc., 'stand over' until our next.